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New-York, May 16th, 1848.

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THE
UNION
MAGAZINE
OF
LITERATURE & ART.
EDITED BY
MRS. C.M. KIRKLAND
JULY, 1848.
NEW YORK:
JAS. L. DE GRAW, AGT.
140. NASSAU St.
NO. 1.
H. LUDWIG & CO. PRINTERS, 70 VESEY-ST., N. Y.

TERMS.—Three Dollars per annum, in advance. Two copies for Five Dollars.

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THE
UNION MAGAZINE,
OF
LITERATURE AND ART,

EDITED BY

MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND,

AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," "FOREST LIFE," ETC.

AND FILLED WITH

Contributions from the most Eminent Writers of the Country.

THE THIRD VOLUME COMMENCING WITH THE JULY NUMBER, 1848.

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THE Publishers, in announcing the commencement of another volume of the Union Magazine, cannot refrain from calling attention to the extraordinary favor which has followed their undertaking throughout the past year. The success of the Union Magazine has been, from the first start, decided and complete; and it now takes its place, by the unanimous verdict of the press, as

EXCELLED BY NO OTHER AMERICAN PERIODICAL!

While thus claiming the station which has been so generally and universally accorded it—it is no imitator. It possesses a distinct and individual character. Aiming at a high standard of literary excellence, it has sought to attain a deeper and more lasting effect than the filling up of a leisure hour, or a relaxation from the stern, mental labor of the world. It has endeavored to inculcate a pure and elevated tone of morality, and to minister to the cultivation of refined literary taste. How far it has succeeded in this attempt, is not for those who are intrusted with its management, to declare; but the favor of the American public, so cordially manifested in its most liberal support, induces them to believe that their aims have been recognised and approved.

While among those who have contributed to the pages of the Union Magazine, have appeared

THE FIRST NAMES IN OUR LITERATURE,

it has also kept a watchful eye upon literary talent, wherever it might present itself. Several young writers of great promise are among its regular contributors. Among  
(See third page cover.)







Printed by Steele & Pate.

Engraved by W. S. Barnard, N.Y.

*Fashions for July*







# THE UNION MAGAZINE

JULY, 1848.

## SIGHT-SEEING IN EUROPE.

BY THE EDITOR.

APRIL 16.—The second Sunday at sea—wind fair and of a balmy softness—ship going on her course, from which she has scarcely varied a point since we left Sandy Hook, ten days ago. “Clear heavens and favoring airs” have been vouchsafed us, and this sweet morning ushers in a day of rest, which we are nearly all in a condition to enjoy. Last Sunday was like other days—this seems truly set apart for good thoughts and grateful calm. The sea-sickness which has tormented so many of us, has now nearly passed away, and we are ready to enjoy, and to feel thankful. Last Sunday neither of the two clergymen on board was well enough to perform religious services; to-day we are to have our memories of home refreshed by the sound of accustomed prayer and praise. There is a peculiar feeling of freshness, which “falls like dew” upon the spirit, when it once more rebounds after the restless inanity which seems the inevitable result of the sea malady. As long as that detestable ill pursues us, not only does the body refuse to become the instrument of anything but pain and disgust, but the unhappy spirit, with scarce a struggle for mastery, submits most abjectly to the dismal servitude, and renounces its life, its supremacy, even its identity. Nothing can be more complete than the transformation which one experiences during the first few days at sea. The excitement of preparation and of parting naturally prepared the way for a season of deadness; and when to this is added the doleful effects of sea-sickness, a deeper abyss of stupidity, a more chilling damp of indifference, can hardly be imagined. Nothing of us “but doth suffer a sea-change”—not, alas! “into something rich or strange,” but whatever is detestable and discouraging. Those who feel its influence are seized with a burning desire to describe it for the benefit of others; and not unfre-

quently experience some degree of virtuous indignation on recollecting the slight stress which the many who have passed through it, have laid upon it, as a drawback to the pleasure of travelling in Europe. They feel that the half has not been told them; and there is a dreamy notion that some ungenerous desire for company in misery has led to a studious concealment of the truth. It will hardly be believed that people who have deliberately planned a European tour, and felt the exhilaration and excitement, and endured the fatigue and anxiety which ordinary mortals cannot avoid under the circumstances, can yet, under the prostrating meanness of sea-sickness, persuade themselves that if they could only be once more safe on terra firma, not all the tempting associations—all the high-wrought descriptions—all the Alpine dreams;—not the Venus, the Apollo, the Pope—could tempt them to dare the humbling horrors which beset the fresh intruder upon this jealously-guarded domain of the sea-gods. Yet it is even so; as witness the agonized exclamations which in certain emergencies make old sailors laugh in spite of their humanity and their politeness. One feature of the ill is entire hopelessness; no future bright with promise gilds the lowering horizon. “What has been shall be forever,” says the wretched soul; “happiness, wilfully renounced, has taken her final flight; for me exist no more ‘nor friends nor sacred home.’ Never again—” But here, perhaps, the desponding meditation experiences a sudden and violent disruption, and the sufferer, shocked and bewildered as by an unexpected surge or shower-bath, begins again slowly and laboriously to re-construct his tissue of miserable thoughts, guarding to the extent of his remaining ingenuity, against a bright thread or a rainbow gleam on its darkness. To suggest that to-morrow



may bring relief, is but adding insult to injury; to-morrow shall be as to-day, and much more miserable. To hint that thousands encounter the same things again and again, with only pleasure in view, will but draw down contemptuous estimates of the wisdom of your travelling friends. Say that, at least, all will be forgotten after a night's rest on shore; and no lover ever made more passionate protestations of unfading remembrance than will our deluded victim. He forget, indeed! never, certainly,

While the skies drop rain,  
Or while there's water in the pathless main—

for it will not take more than an unusually abundant dew to recall all the torments of the ocean!

Marvellous and most amusing indeed is the change, when in consequence of some veering in the wind or some other cause equally trifling, or perhaps only through an utter inability on the part of nature to be perversely sick any longer, he who was the growling sufferer of yesterday is rioting in the sunshine on deck, and desirous of trying a climb to the mast-head, by way of getting rid of the superfluity of life which animates his veins. The height of exhilaration is fully proportioned to the depth of depression, and the natural altitude of the man must be estimated, like that of the waves about him, at the mean, if we would know how he appears at home.

These general remarks upon sea-sickness may go for what they are worth, as the fruit rather of observation than experience. Not all who "go down to the sea in ships" are subject to the whole horror of the change. Few indeed escape some touches, but many are so nearly exempt as hardly to be able, by the aid of imagination and sympathy, to conceive of the sufferings of the less fortunate. To omit some mention of what forms so prominent a subject of thought and conversation on board ship, would be an unpardonable offence against every one who, never yet having been at sea, shall make a first voyage after reading our desultory musings.

Tuesday.—To date our sea-memoranda accurately would require a degree of particularity which is foreign to sea-habits. Desultory indeed are these, no hour seeming to meet its allotted occupation; whatever be the resolution with regard to employment, as far as the passengers are concerned, no one thing *except eating*, goes on with the least punctuality. Never was there a more complete exemplification of the truth, that those who have least to do, find it most difficult to do that little. The days slip by, in the most unaccountable way, leaving no record in the shape of things accomplished. There are, it is true, some marvellous exceptions to this general remark, but they are about as rare as the opportunity to speak

a vessel *en passant*, a circumstance which seems to a landsman the most natural in the world on this great thoroughfare of nations, but which yet occurs so seldom as to be an event even to the sailor. Walking the deck, knitting, reading and chess fill up the time of the ladies; while the gentlemen have shuffle-board to eke out their scanty list of pleasures, and keep them in good humor by stirring the blood.

The accommodations on board a packet-ship are far more ample and comfortable than could be expected. The arrangement has been brought nearly to perfection, by means of long experience of the wishes of passengers, until there is scarcely anything except quiet, which is not provided for. The dining-cabin is large, airy and commodious; the state-rooms as neat and comfortable as possible. The table is only too rich and abundant; the servants as attentive as if each had but the care of a single party. The discomforts are, first and greatest, rolling nights, when the best furnished berth becomes a horrid prison or torture-chamber; next, heaving days, when soup and gravy visit your lap, and you bruise yourself on every projecting corner, spite of all precaution. Then there is tobacco smoke, drawing through every crevice, poisoning the air of the innermost ladies' cabin, and adding yet another shade to the horrors of sea-sickness. *If it were not for these*, a sea-voyage would be a very pleasant thing; but these, trifling as they may appear on paper, are quite enough to make the most resolute long for land, even before the shortest passage approaches its termination. The complete upturning of the whole nature and habits is not favorable to fortitude or philosophy. Mole-hills grow to mountains, and egotism and ennui take the place of better things.

What may be placed to the account of personal characteristics, and what belongs to the office, it is not easy for the new traveller to decide; but certainly the life of a packet captain, as exhibited on this voyage, is one of anything but egotism or idleness. Ubiquity is the most trifling of his characteristics. His hearing must be more acute than Fine-ear's, who could hear the grass grow: his sight more than telescopic, since on gazing for a while at the clouds, he foretells the next day's wind and weather. He never goes to bed like ordinary mortals, but sleeps reclined on a sofa, as other people take a siesta. He is able to walk the deck twelve hours a day, with a lady on each arm, besides ordering all the manœuvres of the ship, and calling every rope by name at least once in the twenty-four hours. His nod is more potent than another man's blow; his lowest word is heard from one end of the deck to the other. He prescribes for all ails, from a tooth-ache to a congestion of the lungs; he knows of fifty different remedies for sea-sickness, but prefers the glass of

sea-water and a walk on deck. Lying groaning in your berth and refusing food, is the only course with which he has absolutely no patience. The old ladies he gravely persuades, the young ones he scolds and rallies into his measures; and what is more, those who follow his advice get well, while those who come on board with any favorite theory of their own on the matter, have generally ample opportunity to try all their own remedies. The captain is at everybody's beck and call, preserving all the while the proper tone of command; he can afford to be the universal serving-man, bating no jot of his dignity. In short, a fortnight's study of this office brings us to the conclusion that to fill it well requires many of the qualities of saint, soldier, statesman, judge, prophet, emperor, physician, beau, to say nothing of seaman, which last a superficial observer might be inclined to rank highest. But the truth is, that seamanship is an accomplishment of the mate too; so that it is the one of all the captain's multifarious qualifications which might be dispensed with in case of necessity.

The personal comfort of the lady-passengers depends in no small degree upon the disposition of the stewardess; who, without transgressing the more obvious line of her duty, may yet leave undone much that contributes to lighten the disagreeables of sea-life. Our good fortune in this particular deserves to be celebrated in song, for never was there such a personification of the very ideal of a stewardess as in Mary. To her, night and day, cold and heat, sleeping and waking, fatigue and rest, seem one and the same. Her eyes never wink until every woman, sick and well, reasonable and unreasonable, is fast asleep; and after the last call has died away in inability to conjure up another want, Mary sits down to read (!) for an hour, before she curls herself up on a sofa to play sleep for a little while, till the most restless lady chooses to wake up and desire the aid of the sea-maiden in untying her night-cap strings, or some matter of equal importance. From that moment Mary's day begins, and she goes round like a tee-totum till midnight, no cloud even bedimming her placid smile, no word or tone of impatience reminding one that there may be a limit even to Mary's patience. From what other travellers have said, we are disposed to think all stewardesses are not exactly like ours: for the benefit of all who may spend two or three weeks on ship board, we wish they were!

Few sea-wonders have come within our ken. A couple of whales obliged us by spouting, just outside the Hook, but we were by no means anxious to witness the phenomenon, being quite sure that it was nothing to what was to come! *En revanche*, no whale has shown his fin since, and we have been obliged to put up with black-fish and porpoises. But the sea itself has put on all its

splendors for our eager eyes. Waves that were mountains to us, breaking in showers of silver foam, have tossed our gallant ship till she seemed to bound beneath us, while the whole expanse between us—speck as we were—and the far horizon, was swelling, rolling, leaping, glittering, till we could fancy all the monsters of the deep at their huge unwieldy sport under the blue heaven, with its flitting clouds. Then blackness would gather, when the skies were heavy and threatening, so that the wave-crests seemed like snow-wreaths blown about on giant rocks by the careering winds. If our delight and astonishment were the fruit of inexperience, would that we could be inexperienced always!

The excitement which we anticipated upon the first sight of land, expended itself when we became convinced that a certain cloud which looked a little different from the other clouds, was really Cape Clear—supposed to have been facetiously so called by the Irish because it is always cloudy. We thought we would defer our expected thrill of delight until we saw something more decided; but alas! when the Old Head of Kinsale became visible in bold outline, we could not get up the least sensation. The thing was old; we had attained a travelled indifference; Ireland was very well, to be sure, but we had seen it before; and we criticized the outline of the Wexford Mountains *en connoisseur*, as boldly as if we had seen the Alps, to say the least. So we have set down the palpitating joy at the cry of land! as a poetic fiction, especially as there was no such cry in our case. It was a thing of course. The captain knew, hours before, just the hour and minute when it ought to be visible, and there it was, with the punctuality of a comet. Science has played the mischief with romance, and unexpectedness belongs to a class of words fast becoming obsolete.

The only wonder we have to record is the harmony and good-humor which prevailed among the passengers, unclouded, unspecked, from first to last. Few collections of the same number are more heterogeneous as to country and creed; yet no breath or tone of discord was heard, and the regrets which mingled with our adieus were full of sincere feeling. Those of us who are about to travel on the continent hope to meet again, and there is pleasure in the thought. We had religious services on board performed by clergymen of opposite creeds, but they met and parted as brethren, rejoicing in a common hope, and looking to one only Saviour.

We saw Cape Clear before the close of our sixteenth day, but afterwards encountering right "channel weather," as say the knowing, we toiled slowly for many hours, struggling with head winds and murky skies. On the eighteenth day, in the morning, the sun once more got the better



of the clouds, and we saw, most gloriously, the coast of Wales, with a fine outline of mountains, along the base of which we could discern houses and green fields. As we passed Holy-Head and the Skerries we came in sight of Penmawr, the most imposing height we have yet seen, with snow lying in his ridges while a tender green clothed his swelling sides. Here the pilot came on board, and everybody crowded eagerly about him for news from France. He had a week-old newspaper, and with that we were obliged to be content, for he knew not a word—not he—of the rise and fall of kingdoms, or the birth of republics. But the grand finale of our pleasant voyage was too near for us to feel any vital concern in less momentous affairs, so we cherished the pilot, and admired his dignity as he strode Turkishly about the quarter-deck, without despising, *à l'Américaine*, his lack of political enthusiasm.

That night—eighteen days from New-York—we came to anchor in the Mersey, and the morning-sun, as soon as he had gotten rid of his hazy night-cap, showed us the grand feature of the city of Liverpool—her stupendous docks—and several beautiful-looking suburbs on the opposite side of the river—Seacombe, Egremont, New Brighton, and Birkenhead—the last a name well known to Americans who have felt interested in the experiment there made in the construction of really commodious dwellings for the laboring classes. We have since heard with regret, that for want of the requisite funds, with other causes, the enterprise wears at present a very discouraging aspect, a large number of very convenient and comfortable houses being without tenants.

The appearance of Liverpool is usually described as very uninviting, but the bright sun, or the sea-voyage, or our prepossessions in favor of our mother England, made it charming in our eyes. We praised every thing—the magnificent docks—the fine lantern tower of St. Nicholas, the tall Flemish-looking warehouses with their perpendicular rows of bright red doors, and even the tanned sails of a certain class of river-craft, whose lurid flame-color seemed to harmonize admirably with the surroundings. The little black steamers, which we could not consider beautiful by any rule of American taste in such matters, we called “knowing;” and the smoky shade which veiled every thing, and made the pale stone of which the better houses are built look decidedly dingy, seemed to us soft and beautifying. On the whole, we concluded that report had done far less than justice to Liverpool, and we set out on a flying tour of observation, determined to see with unprejudiced eyes, at least. And in truth we found much to admire in the substantial elegance of the public buildings, the neatness of the streets, and the general air of stability and comfort. Many of the stores exhibit great

exterior elegance, and a closer examination proved that in many departments their supply of splendid and costly articles is no whit behind that of the best establishments in New-York. Only Stewart's remains unrivalled, and we shall not probably see any thing approaching it in magnificence until we reach London.

We reckon among the curiosities of Liverpool a cemetery, which some ingenious citizen has contrived to fashion out of materials that might have been thought impracticable. Much of the stone used in building had been taken from a quarry within the limits of the town, leaving a most unsightly excavation which it was impossible to refill. This has been turned to excellent account; the sides affording place for an immense number of wall-tombs, while the central portion is beautified with winding walks and shrubbery, among which the monumental stones gleam ghostly pale, but with a softened melancholy. The erections are not generally conspicuous for elegance of taste, but there is a monument to Mr. Huskisson, who met his death by a railway accident just as the cemetery was prepared for the reception of the dead, and whose body was the first which reposed in its rocky bosom. The tomb is in temple form, circular and enclosed; and through plate glass doors is seen a colossal statue of the lamented statesman, standing on a pedestal in the centre. The drapery is in the antique style, and the attitude is fine, but the beauty and grace of the statue resides in the head, which is truly noble. We could not admire the plan of the tomb; peeping at a statue through glass doors is not exactly the thing, and indeed glass and marble in a mausoleum are an incongruous mixture.

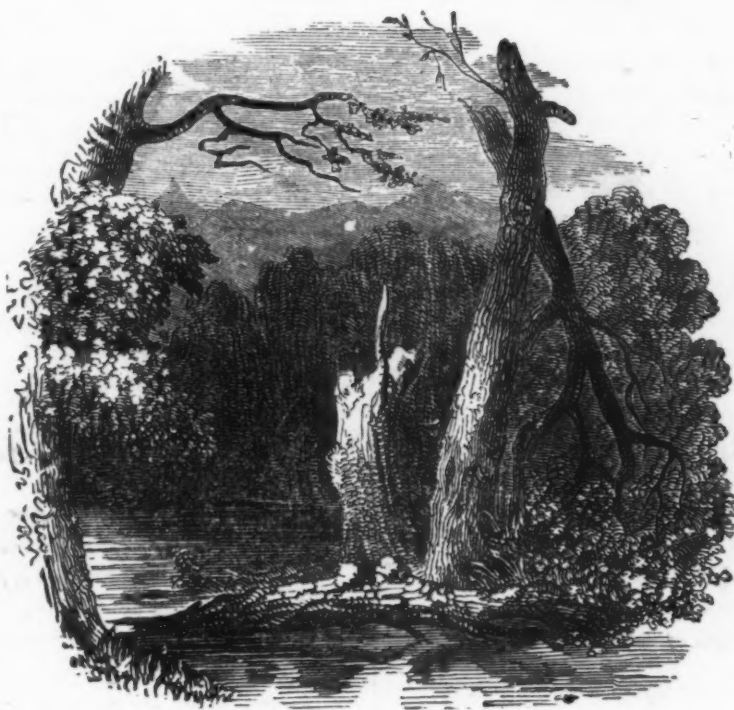
Beyond the proper limits of the town is a charming enclosure, called Prince's Park, embracing, perhaps, fifty acres, and much diversified in surface. This is laid out on the plan of Regent's Park, in London, with villas and cottage residences, and the effect is beautiful. The drive through it is admirably laid, and a small lake, with a Chinese bridge and other picturesque accessories, adds much to its beauty. The view of Liverpool from this point is very fine; including the river and the Welsh mountains, which, with the rich green of English landscape, have made a picture that will live in our memories long after some more pretentious ones have faded.

The lions of the city proper—the splendors of the Town Hall and the various public buildings, we must leave to more voluminous tourists; our attention was, however, attracted by the extensive and elegant edifice called St. George's Hall, the corner-stone of which was laid with such éclat by Prince Albert a year or two since. It is intended for the courts of law, but it looks as if it should rather be dedicated to Apollo in his charac-



ter of patron of harmony. It is of an exceeding beauty, in proportion and decoration, and will far surpass anything architectural yet done in Liverpool. It seems nearly completed; and

really, as we gazed on its grand colonnades, we wished for it a position as commanding and conspicuous as that of the tomb of Theseus on the Egean.



## THE POOL.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

SPREAD in the vale, and fringed with drooping trees  
 And waving grasses, like a half-shut eye  
 Under rough brows, the little Pool doth lie.  
 The o'er-stooping hill in that clear mirror sees  
 Those children of the eternal silences—  
 Clouds, and the mute stars, and the soundless sky,  
 And the still moon who walks so noiselessly—

Till the wave *lies* with their immensities.  
 Hidden from eyes, like that unnoted Pool,  
 In its calm valley let my spirit rest,  
 Where the bland air is ever soft and cool,  
 And no rude passions mar its quiet breast;  
 While the great things of life and starry thought,  
 In mirrored beauty on its deeps are wrought.

## THE DIAMOND FAY.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

### Part II.

And lo! bewildered, tranced as in a dream,  
The wondering band too late remained; for Day  
Surprised them with his fatal, fiery glance,  
And from that hour, they vanished from the earth!  
Yet ere they passed away—to our lost Lulin,  
Outspoke her fairy majesty;—and calm,  
And cold her sentence fell, as falls the snow  
On some young flower:—"Soars the sprite so high?  
Her pride shall have due deference.—Henceforth,  
A diamond shall our Lulin's prison be,—  
A palace rarely carved and lighted up;  
Nor shall the culprit liberty regain,  
Till, set in ring of gold, she goes to grace  
The finger of a maid, whose dainty love,  
Like hers, disdains all fellowship with earth,  
And soars to meet some spirit of the skies.  
When that maid shall forego her airy dream  
To wed with clay,—the sprite, her penance o'er,  
Her sin forgiven, shall fly her diamond-cell."

"The tale is told.—To Lilith's care,  
I give my lovely, diamond sprite,  
My prisoner-fay, with golden hair,  
And tiny wings of purple light,  
And cheek of rose, and eyes of blue,  
And fluttering scarf of emerald hue;

But I've a faint misgiving, sweet,  
That still the wilful lovers meet!  
Methinks 'twere sweet to watch all day,  
The sunbeam flirting with the fay!  
And oft I've seen some radiant thing  
(That waved so fast its flashing wing,  
Its shape escaped my dazzled eyes,—  
Perhaps her lover in disguise!)  
Into the diamond-palace dart!  
And sudden, waking with a start,  
My sprite, that lay so still and cold,  
Flings back her locks of gleaming gold;  
Waves her bright wings, in glad surprise,

With radiant blush and beaming eyes;  
And, with her light scarf, strives to chain  
Her brilliant guest,—alas, in vain!  
Recalled, to Heaven, her angel flies,  
And all the diamond's rainbow dies!

So, Lilith, take the culprit fay,  
And let her have her fairy way.  
Think—how would you like, thus to pine  
Within a prison, lady mine?  
Recall your soul to things below,  
And let the dainty creature go;  
And while you set one subject free,  
Another captive take—in me!  
Believe me, you, whose spirit now  
So coldly looks from eye and brow,  
If once you let Love's heavenly ray  
Glide in upon your heart to play,  
Would wake like her to glorious bloom,  
And all your lovely cage illumine;  
And *not*, like her, the hapless sprite,  
Should *Lilith* mourn her lover's flight!"

Young Lilith took the diamond ring,  
And while she watched the fairy's wing  
Within it play, she listened, mute  
And blushing to her lover's suit.  
Ah! woe the morn, sweet Lilith gave  
Her troth to him—the minstrel brave!  
The bridal now was scarcely said,  
Ere from the gem the fairy fled,  
And as she glanced like light away,  
In Lilith's dark eyes paled the ray;  
And ere the sprite was lost to view,  
Her cheek had changed its glowing hue:  
Her eyelids closed!—can it be death?  
Ah, Heaven! that fluttering, failing breath,—  
The fay has fled—and Lilith's soul,  
Too pure for *this* world, heavenward stole!

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LAST VISIT TO NIAGARA.

BY ANN E. C. LYNCH.

FROM my experience, and from my limited observation of human nature, I have come to the conclusion, that when either the masculine or feminine mind once becomes possessed with an idea, and with the desire to translate this idea into action, however absurd and fantastic it may appear to others, the only effectual mode of treatment, as in the case of certain diseases, is to let nature take its course, and to allow the idea to become a fact of experience. When, for instance, an ambitious youth becomes what is called *stage-struck*, or affected with a passion for the sea, solitary confinement and low diet only aggravate the disease, which will be generally found to terminate in a quiet departure from the paternal roof some morning before the family are stirring. When an individual becomes thus affected, the mode of treatment we suggest, which might be called the "method of nature," has a twofold advantage. The patient may be convinced of his folly, and the adviser may indulge in that most satisfactory phrase in our language, "I told you so!" As to advice, the text of Scripture, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," will in this be found to be of universal application and adoption; and the most that can be expected of those who disregard it, and follow the "minor light," to use one of the cant phrases of the day for self-will, is, that they confess on being convinced, and to the "I told you so," reply "*You were right.*" In this category I now place myself, and proceed with my confession.

The idea with which I became infected, was that of taking a journey on foot; and here I am forced into an acknowledgment that I would willingly forego, were I not sure of betraying myself, should I attempt to withhold it—and this acknowledgment, dear reader, is this: "*I belong to the gentler sex.*" It is a little singular, that while it is so common for women to wish, with Desdemona, that Heaven had made them men, men on the contrary seem to be always entirely self-satisfied, and never wish to change places with us. The idea of a pedestrian excursion in search of the picturesque was first proposed in a pleasant circle, in the habit of meeting frequently, and among whom were several artists and amateurs. "Charming!" "delightful!" was heard on all sides; but when the moment came for putting the idea into execution, it was found to have taken root only in the minds of one or two. I had heard of William and Mary Howitt making the tour of Germany on

foot, and of the pedestrian capabilities of English ladies in general, and emulous of them, perhaps, as well as pleased with the novelty of such an enterprise, my friend C. and myself alone remained firm in the resolution of making the attempt. After due deliberation, it was finally agreed that our destination should be Niagara, and that we should take the canal at Schenectady, by which we could walk or rest, as we chose, or give up walking entirely, should we find it necessary. My dear M. finding expostulation vain, at last consented to this arrangement, and to making one of the party, for the purpose of matronizing me; though being in delicate health, she could not anticipate any of the pleasure we promised ourselves from the exercise of walking. I should premise here that C. and myself are believers in the *Water Cure*; and the positive benefit we both expected to derive from this change of ordinary habits, was proportioned to our faith in the system. As the time appointed for our departure drew near, we found it very difficult to obtain any information beyond what was put forth in a flaming advertisement in *The Sun* (*The New-York Sun*), announcing that passengers for Buffalo could obtain tickets at the office in this city, which would take them the whole distance from here to Buffalo in fine packet-boats, duly pictured in the paper as attached to horses galloping at full speed, for the astonishing small sum of four dollars! To the less unsophisticated there would have been something suspicious in this extraordinary cheapness; but innocent of any thought of imposition, we set forth. Our passage tickets up the river destined us to the steamboat *Belle*, and C. being a stranger here, and I not aware that this was not one of the first class of our unrivalled North River boats, we accordingly drove to the wharf where she was lying. I would not say anything derogatory to the character of the *Belle*, but M., who has an eye for neatness, and a taste for agreeable surroundings, at first strenuously refused to proceed by that means of conveyance; but it was doubtful if we could reach the other boat in time, and being convinced that worse was to come in the "*hereafter*," we concluded to make this first step in our descent to packet-boat traveling. On reaching the depot at Schenectady we were beset by a *banditti*, apparently, though known by the name of "runners," whose office is to secure passengers for the various boats to whose interest they are attached. This process is very



like that employed to entrap certain animals, by stunning them first, and capturing them afterwards—for they actually so confound the unwary traveller, who finds himself the bone of contention among them, by their abuse of each other, their noise and their impertinence, that he falls an easy victim to the boldest, and is quietly led off, glad to escape. Thus we found ourselves and our luggage finally bestowed in a nice and comfortable-looking boat, just ready to set out, when C., accidentally showing the passage-ticket we had procured at the New-York office, and which we had been assured would take us on any boat on the canal, the captain denied any knowledge of such an office, or such an agency, and refused to take us at all, without full fare being paid over again. Highly indignant, we immediately left the boat, and ordered our effects to follow us. The captain, equally indignant at not having secured us, managed to remove his boat at some distance from the bank, to which we pitched our trunks, with all the momentum that could be brought to bear upon them. The banditti rushed upon us again, and commenced vociferating louder than ever. C. was pale with suppressed rage, and M. with agitation, while I was not a little excited and infinitely amused. At length the captain of a new boat, just starting, agreed to take us for the ticket we had paid for, though we were afterwards convinced that it was of no value to him, and that we had been grossly imposed upon at the office in New-York; in short, we were actually embarked, and advancing towards Niagara at the enormous velocity of three miles an hour. I was amused to observe M. looking cautiously around for a seat, and taking her handkerchief to dust before occupying it, while I immediately doffed my civilized costume, exchanging my Middleton gaiters for a pair of "seven-league boots," bought for the occasion, and my travelling dress for a morning gown *passé*. Thus adapted to my circumstances, I felt equal to any emergency, and looked, as C. said, "the genius of the place." At the close of the first day, we had accomplished twelve miles on foot, coming on board the boat at frequent intervals to rest; and at night we were prepared to enjoy a profound repose, "cabined, cribbed, as we were."

A day on board a canal boat may be described, but language is wholly inadequate to convey any idea of a night; it is one of those passages in life that must be experienced to be understood. I will only say, therefore, that after our vigorous exercise we slept even there as soundly as the seven sleepers, though our slumbers were less protracted, as we usually rose as the first streak of dawn appeared; and after a walk of five or six miles, returned to the boat in time for breakfast, with appetites that would have given great uneasiness to the captain, had not our meals, luckily for him,

been an extra charge. The scenery through which the canal passes is in general tame and uninteresting, but there were passages of exquisite beauty; and in the alchemy of sunset, the gray light and the repose of early morning, or seen beneath the veil of silver moonlight, the commonest woods and hills were picturesque and beautiful. The scenery near the village of Little Falls, in the valley of the Mohawk, abounds in bold and striking features, and is more romantic than any through which we passed.—But wherever there is the expanse of sky above, and of field and wood below, though they may not be disposed with reference to pictorial effect, yet the true lover of Nature will find there beauty and companionship. Communion with Nature, in her most unattractive form, brings us nearer to her great Author than the contemplation of the most magnificent works of man. They ally us to our kind—we participate in their aspirations and their triumphs—and the bond of our common nature is drawn more closely, while with Nature nothing intervenes between us and her Author. A German poet has called Nature "the freshly uttered word of God!" and whenever we are with her, that word, if we listen, becomes audible, and to the reverent ear speaks messages of love, of consolation and of hope.

As we approached Salina, we were sufficiently in advance of the boat to stop and examine the salt works, where thousands of barrels are every year manufactured. Immense flats are covered with reservoirs ten or twelve feet square, which are supplied with water from the salt springs, the evaporation of which leaves a deposit of delicate white crystals, which is afterwards refined and barrelled for exportation. The second and third days of our journey we had advanced twenty miles each day on foot, without experiencing any other than that healthy and pleasant fatigue which makes repose so delightful, and which is so different from the exhaustion and lassitude one feels after a walk through Broadway. At noon on the fourth day we found ourselves at Fairport, a small town, eighteen miles from Rochester by the canal, but ten only by the stage road. We had already walked ten miles since morning, and this distance would finish the day so roundly, that we determined to undertake it, though the afternoon was warmer than any we had experienced in our route. The country was hilly and sandy, and without shade, and we found it much more difficult to walk ten miles without resting, as we had previously taken frequent intervals of repose; and for the first time my companion began to flag, and my own elasticity to give way. By way of stimulating our failing energies, I began reciting, and went through all the stirring poetry I could call to mind from Lochiel's Warning and the Battle of Hohenlinden to Macaulay's Roman Ballads.

When at length we reached the suburbs of Rochester—the novelty of our descent upon a strange town—our own costume and travel-worn appearance—the fancy that we might be taken for wandering minstrels or strolling players—altogether so appealed to our sense of the Quixotic and the ludicrous, that it was some time before we could command the requisite dignity to make the grand *entrée*. We found the boat not yet arrived, and we occupied the interval in looking about the city, for we were by this time in the condition of the famous cork leg, and we had walked until it became less fatiguing to continue than to stop. Since I am at the confessional, I may say here, that had I followed the advice of my companion, or listened to my own better judgment, we should have taken some conveyance on the road when we found our walk becoming too long for our strength; but experience, though often so dear, is worth all that we pay for it. On rejoining our *compagnons de voyage*, I began to feel the effect of my over-exertion, which manifested itself not in muscular fatigue, but in excessive nervous excitability; my brain seemed to be describing spiral curves, my hands trembled, and occasionally a frightful sensation of departing consciousness stole over me, all of which was greatly aggravated by my efforts at concealing it from the watchful eye of M. I privately begged C to procure me a phial of laudanum before we left the wharf, and the dose that I took, with a view of composing my disordered nerves, only added to the difficulty, so that, after a sleepless night, I rose the next morning positively ill.

I could, of course, expect no sympathy from our fellow-travellers, who were, I am sure, not a little gratified to witness the fulfilment of their reiterated prophecies, and to behold me reaping the reward of my foolhardiness; and the compliments, prescriptions, and advice, with which it is usual on such occasions to overwhelm the invalid, were wholly omitted in my case. The truth is, I was unpopular, notwithstanding my attempts to be kind and conciliating. There is something in the unloving glance of the human eye peculiarly painful to me, and which I would always, if possible, avert, even in the case of the humblest individual, but here I was wholly unsuccessful. My presumption in daring to act differently from them in any particular, even the simple one of walking a few miles, was an unpardonable offence, and not to be tolerated. Public opinion was as powerful a ruler here as elsewhere. I was particularly unfortunate in drawing upon myself the disapprobation of the two chamber-maids, who governed with despotic rule; and who, being exceedingly intimate with the other *ladies*, seemed to delight in making me the scape-goat of all their ill humor. From the first I had treated them with uniform kindness and consideration, which only seemed to

exasperate them still more, by leaving them without the shadow of excuse for their impertinence. The captain would have discharged them forthwith, I am certain, had I represented to him their conduct in its true light, for he seemed exceedingly desirous of making our journey as agreeable as circumstances would permit. I preferred, however, to let things take their course, and to study human nature under this new aspect, though certainly it was a most unattractive one. I had always been a firm believer in the law of love, and convinced that love alone was omnipotent to overcome hatred and malignity; but my observations on this occasion led me to different conclusions—to the belief that there are cases where power must take precedence of love, and despotism of magnanimity and generosity; and that there are inferior natures on whom these higher virtues are lost, and who must be controlled by the force of superiority. One of these two damsels who presided over the feminine department of the boat, had one night planted her mattress and herself upon it, directly under the shelf upon which I was to sleep, so that it was impossible for me to approach it without almost stepping upon her. As there was sufficient space beyond, I civilly requested her to move, and as she deigned no answer, I repeated the request, accompanied with some remonstrance and expostulation, when she finally turned to me, and said with a look and tone the impudence of which was inimitable: "*You'd better go to bed!*" I was absent so frequently from the boat, and thus beyond their spiritual spheres for the greater part of the time, and I had thrown myself so entirely into the discomforts about me, and had so resolved to enjoy them, that the two chamber-maids *rampant*, instead of being a source of annoyance, added not a little to my amusement. It was a curious study to see what they would do next.

I like to test my capacities in the way of endurance, and five days' sojourn on board a canal-boat is an experience, that if one survives without having lost temper or spirits, he may bid defiance to anything he will be likely to encounter afterward. However, much of my buoyancy was doubtless the result of my extraordinary muscular exertion in the pure air, and the entire change of my ordinary habits; I seemed to have returned to primitive and savage life, and almost dreaded to come back to civilization and brick walls. I like also to reduce my wants to the lowest terms, to see how little is absolutely essential, and how much can be dispensed with without causing positive unhappiness. It is a kind of experiment, however, that is not likely to become very popular, though in my own case I have found it extremely beneficial; and as the constrained and painful attitudes that professional dancers subject them-



selves to in the laborious practice they daily go through with, give them command of muscle, and grace of movement, so this voluntary penance prepares one for the thousand annoyances of daily life. It acts on the same principle as a cold bath in the morning, which though it requires some screwing up of the courage to go through with, yet fortifies one against the chills and changes of the succeeding day.

On the morning of the fifth day we reached Buffalo, and with my canal-costume I laid aside the high spirits and the wild gayety with which I had worn it. Having slept the night before between an open door and window, I woke with a violent cold, which, added to my previous indisposition, rendered me quite tame and manageable.

The genii of the boat, our two fair chambermaids, as their reign drew near its close, manifestly changed their bearing, and became as officious and servile as they had before been disagreeable; but as it usually happens with tyranny, their repentance came too late, and they would have left a far better impression on my mind if they had held out to the last as they had begun. The delight we experienced on reaching the hotel at Buffalo, with its airy rooms, its veritable mattresses, and abundant water, was sufficient to compensate for our late deprivations in those luxuries, had we had no other compensation. In continued enjoyment we cease to appreciate the blessings that overwhelm us, and we ought to dispense with them occasionally for the mere luxury of higher appreciation.

At Buffalo we took the steamboat for Niagara, which landed us two or three miles above the Falls. As we were nearing our destination, C. threw out the comfortable suggestion that we were now in the current of that arrowy stream, and that if any of our machinery were to give out, or the boat in any way to become disabled, we should, inevitably, not only go to the Falls, but over them. This fact was so obvious, that, although we felt no positive fear, yet we had a more pleasant sense of security when we were once more on *terra firma*. We arrived at the Cataract House after our long journey, in rather a subdued state of feeling. Our spirits seemed to have effervesced, and left us in the condition of champagne that has stood uncorked over night. I had visited the Falls once before, and the impression they had left upon me was vividly retained. My sense of the ideal, the sublime, the infinite, had been filled, and tears had been the only power of expression left to me; and now for many months I had felt an intense longing to renew these emotions, and to feel myself once more lifted for a moment beyond the present and the actual. My two companions had never visited the Falls be-

fore, and so I was entitled to their experience in addition to my own. But there was among us all an ominous want of enthusiasm, that argued ill for any original manifestations of feeling, and the paramount thought of creature comfort apparent, was shocking in the extreme. M. and C. were suffering the consequences of their fatigue; and I with my cold and illness, felt as incapable of emotion of any kind as if I had been turned by machinery from one of the trees in our path. We made an attempt to see the Falls before the dinner-hour, but after advancing a short distance we seated ourselves on a rustic bench, and unanimously confessed ourselves unfit to proceed. In the course of a few hours, however, M. and C. rallied and came up to the high-water mark of enthusiasm; but the effect on me was altogether painful, giving me the idea of vastness and terror only. At night, when I attempted to sleep, these impressions returned with such force, that I awoke distressed and terrified. I seemed to stand on the brink of some frightful precipice, of which Niagara was only a miniature, and over whirlpools black and deep as the bottomless pit. The roar of the rapids and the Falls strengthened the illusion of my fancy, and after two nights spent in these chaotic and awful scenes, I could endure it no longer, and the third day we took the cars for Lowiston, with the intention of returning the *natural* way, or in other words, by railroad. Our journey was varied by no incidents or accidents; after dining at Troy, and walking about that pleasant little city, we took the cars for Greenbush, opposite Albany, from whence a ferry-boat was to convey us over the Hudson to take the evening boat. On this ferry-boat we were safely deposited, and waiting impatiently for the officiating Charon to set out, for at least three-quarters of an hour; and to our repeated intimations that we should be too late for the boat, he only replied: "You will be in time." The cause of this detention must remain forever among other unsolved mysteries; the effect was that, when at last we reached the wharf at Albany, and finding no carriages were hurrying along with all possible speed, bag and baggage following us, several voices saluted us with: "She's off!" "The boat has just left!" Truth obliges me to confess, that for a moment my patience and temper gave way; but a conviction of the utter absurdity of railing or doing anything but quietly submitting to this mysterious dispensation, finally prevailed, and we took our way to the Delavan House, three silent and crest-fallen individuals. C. set forth to look for the papers, and find what amusements we could treat ourselves to, by way of compensation. Nothing offered but the theatre, and to that we bent our steps, though not without certain misgivings.





## ALL IS ACTION, ALL IS MOTION.

BY J. HAGEN.

ALL is action, all is motion,  
In this mighty world of ours;  
Like the currents of the ocean,  
Man is urged by unseen powers!

Steadily, but strongly moving,  
Life is onward evermore,  
Still the present age improving  
On the age that went before.

Duty points, with outstretched fingers,  
Every soul to actions high;  
Woe betide the soul that lingers!—  
Onward! onward! is the cry

Though man's foes may seem victorious,  
War may waste and famine blight,  
Still from out the conflict glorious,  
Mind comes forth with added light!

O'er the darkest night of sorrow,  
From the deadliest field of strife,  
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,  
Springs a truer, nobler life.

Onward, onward, onward ever!  
Human progress none may stay,  
All who make the vain endeavor,  
Shall like chaff be swept away.

## TO —

Thy presence is to me a memory!  
Thy voice an echo from the waving woods  
And sea-resounding shore where once we strayed;  
Thine eyes a mirror to my conscious soul,  
Where rise long-vanished forms from out the gloom  
Of my past years, and take the hue of life.

I gaze and gaze, and still the gaze prolong,  
Forgetting that thou *art*, in the clear thought  
That thou hast *been*, and been so dear to me:  
This is thy power—it brings to me the past—  
A life-like mirage of departed joy—  
Floating in brightness on the waves of thought.

E. B. B.

## THE DUEL.

A Passage from History.

(See the Engraving.)

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

How many anecdotes rife of the humor of "Old Put," the page of history has transmitted to those for whose freedom he fought with such lion power and single-hearted purpose!

Linked with many incidents in his heroic life, are traits marking the cool self-possession—the quiet humor, and love of the ludicrous, which seem to have been inherent with his courageous daring. Could any one have looked into the breast of the brave old soldier as he galloped so fearlessly down the dangerous pass at Horse Neck, snapping his fingers at the discomfited foe—ten to one it would be found his sense of the ludicrous at the moment overcame all other emotions, and that a quiet smile at his Gilpin descent even then flashed over his warrior visage! Just so in many other instances, doubtless already well known to the readers of the "Union."

Although but a young man when he first took up arms under General Lyman, at the breaking out of the old French war, and in which for ten years he served with undaunted bravery, encountering scenes with ruthless savages which might well appal the stoutest heart—rapidly rising to fame and honor—winning laurels to his brow and the love and respect of his brave compatriots, and then after a few brief years spent in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, again girding on the sword and rushing to the field in defence of his country, he still held fast to one noble trait of character, through all-ossifying scenes of blood and carnage in which so large a portion of his valuable and eventful life was passed, and for which alone his name, under the circumstances in which he was often placed, deserves Fame's chaplet. *I allude to his abhorrence of duelling!*

This legalized system of murder—this refined process of despatching one's friends to the other world, he regarded with the most perfect detestation, nor I believe in any one instance did he ever sanction or conform to this mis-named *code of honor*. If he ever accepted a challenge, it seemed for the purpose of heaping contempt and ridicule both upon the challenger and the unrighteous practice. No one for a moment dared impugn his

courage, and therefore the cool contempt he manifested was probably more cutting to the challenger than the keenest sabre—more galling than a brace of bullets!

It was during the campaign of 1779 that the scene which the artist has so admirably depicted occurred.

Washington had established his head-quarters at West Point, while General Putnam was stationed with several bodies of troops at Buttermilk Falls, about two miles below. At this period, the fortifications at West Point were constructed under the supervision of Putnam, and to one of the forts the gallant hero also gave his name. It is now but a ruin, yet, thank heaven, he has built himself a monument in the hearts of his countrymen, which shall endure as long as the mountains in which those stirring scenes were enacted!

It chanced, one day, General Putnam made some remark within hearing of an English officer, then a prisoner on parole, in which he reflected somewhat severely upon the character of the British. The officer received the remark as a personal insult, and immediately sent the general a challenge.

Fatigued with his arduous duties, Putnam had retired to his quarters. Removing by plentiful ablutions the dust and heat of a day's toil, amid the fastnesses of West Point, and after partaking of such simple refreshment as the times afforded, he had just seated himself at the door of his tent, and baring his brow to the cool, delicious breeze sweeping up from the river, was invigorating his weary frame with the luxury of a pipe. At this moment the challenge of the English officer was handed him. Putnam glanced his keen eye over the missive, and impatiently throwing it down, exclaimed:

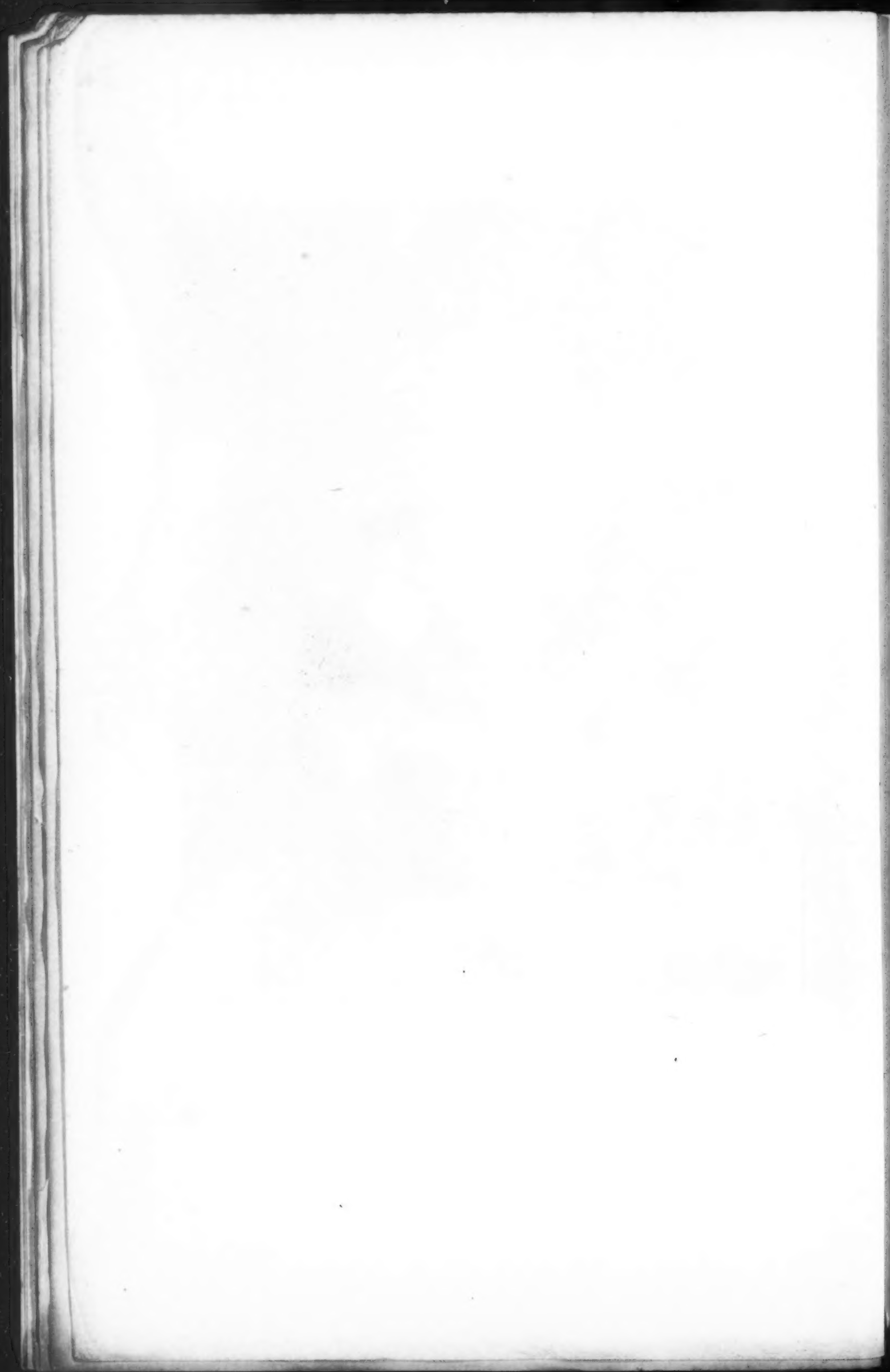
"Challenged by —! Challenged, eh!—why the fellow is a greater fool than I took him to be—well, well, I'll humor the puppy!"

Then coolly finishing his pipe, he called for pen and ink—accepted the challenge—appointed the place of meeting—time, an early hour the following morning. After despatching a messenger to



PUTNAM'S DUEL WITH THE BRITISH OFFICER.





the quarters of the Englishman, he strolled around the barracks, inspecting the garrison stores, &c. Among these were several barrels or casks filled with onions, at sight of which a new idea appeared to strike the humorous general. He immediately ordered one of these to be transported to an adjoining field, and placed in a particular spot which he pointed out to the subaltern.

It was at an early hour of a glorious day, in the beautiful month of October, that the British officer took his way over the fields on his murderous errand. The dew lay thick and heavy on the short grass, spangling the bright autumn flowers; and the gay foliage of the forest trees already assuming their Tyrian robes, while from every branch, from hedge-row and thicket, the birds sent up their cheerful songs. Far down below, calm and silvery, thriddled the waters of the Hudson, and the mountain passes echoed with the notes of the bugle and the "spirit-stirring drum" beating the reveille. But the Englishman had no heart for the glorious scene—revenge ate at its core, and to him the blood of his foe would be sweeter than the breath of morning.

As he drew near the place of meeting, he perceived his antagonist already on the ground; and certainly, for one whose moments were perhaps numbered, he seemed to be taking it very easy. Seated on a low camp-stool, beneath the wide-spreading branches of a large sycamore, was "Old Put." One elbow resting on the top of a barrel—his legs carelessly stretched out, and with half-closed eyes, composedly enjoying his favorite pipe. The officer advanced somewhat hastily, amazed at the indifference of one whose life hung on the cast of a bullet. Not until within a few feet of Putnam did the latter take the least notice of him, and then merely with a slight inclination of the head motioning him to take the seat on the opposite side of the barrel. In the head of the barrel there was a small opening, in which a match had been inserted; and no sooner was the officer seated, than Putnam proceeded to ignite it with his pipe, coolly remarking as he did so:

"You see there is the same chance for both of us!" resumed his smoking.

The Englishman was horrified. He could face danger on the battle-field—he could, without shrinking, bare his breast to the bullet of the duellist—but to be *blown up*—annihilated at once—to dance in "thin air," by so unsoldier-like and terrible a mode of warfare, was more than his courage could dare. Like Bob Acres, he felt it rapidly oozing out at his finger ends—yet honor forbade retreat. According to the duellists' code, he must abide by the decision of Putnam, who had his choice of weapons—and, good heavens, what had the daring, reckless Yankee chosen—a *barrel of gunpowder*!—for such was evidently the contents

of the cask; and with feelings indescribable, he watched the slow ignition of the match, and the gradual down-creeping of that flame, which in a few moments would probably send him to eternity!

As the fire reached the opening, there was a fizzing, crackling sound—a slight explosion, accompanied by a strange odor. Brave as he was, the officer could endure no more.

"By —! I'll not be murdered in this manner!" he exclaimed, precipitately rising to make good his retreat.

"Ho! ho! brave sir," shouted Putnam, coolly knocking the ashes from his pipe; "you are just the man I took you for—this is but a barrel of onions you mistake for powder, with a few grains scattered on top to try you by—but *I see you don't like the smell!*"

Some twenty years since, there resided in the pretty little village of Peekskill an aged couple, who used to relate this anecdote with great apparent satisfaction—the good man especially was always unusually elevated at such recitals, while his dame would laugh merrily, and as she tapped her well-worn snuff-box, slyly cry:

"Ah! ha! John—man—if it had not been for them onions, the mercy knows, you might have lost a good wife!"

Among the soldiers of the Pennsylvania corps, attached to General Putnam's division, it seems was this same John D—, a worthy man and a brave soldier. While stationed at Buttermilk Falls, it was his good luck to rescue the pretty daughter of a worthy woman, residing in the neighborhood, from the insults of a party of marauders. She had gone to a distant field to drive home her cow, and while leisurely pursuing her way with old Brindle, suddenly encountered a gang of reckless soldiery. Their aim was probably only to frighten her a little, which they did so effectually, that her screams rent the air and reached the ears of the brave John D—, who happened to be passing near. Hastening to the spot, and seeing an unprotected female struggling to free herself from the arms of a rough soldier, he rushed in, dealing blows heavy and fast to the right and left. A boisterous shout of mirth greeted his prowess, while the fellow who still held the almost fainting damsel exclaimed:

"*Dang* me, you need 'nt hit so hard! Here is your gal, blast me, if I want her—a squeamish, squalling vixen!" And with another laugh, the party wheeled off, leaving pretty Patty in the arms of her gallant champion.

From that moment a tender affection sprung up between the soldier and the rustic maiden—a fact which greatly pleased the old lady; and it was agreed, that as soon as the wars were over,

John and Patty should be made one, and settle quietly down on the widow's little farm.

Alas! that an epaulette should outweigh the honest professions of John!

Patty was a fine, buxom lass, very pretty, and, withal, something of a coquette, and chanced, unluckily for her lover, to attract the notice of the gallant Captain —, of His Majesty's service, but now a prisoner on parole at West Point.

To relieve probably the tedium of so inglorious a life, the Captain began making love to pretty Patty, and the poor girl, I am sorry to say, was completely dazzled by the admiration of the great English officer. His flattery fascinated and bewildered her imagination. To fresh blown roses, or the sunny side of a downy peach, he compared her ruddy cheeks—her eyes he likened to the stars of heaven, or the diamond studs in his shirt bosom—her lips were as coral, as red-ripe cherries, as the scarlet flowering bean—her teeth were pearls, and her light flaxen hair he compared to sunbeams, quivering through the tendrils of the wild grape. Albeit, these last were *green*—what matter—flattery too frequently blinds to absurdity, and others, with more knowledge of the world than poor Patty, have been greener than grape vines in laying the flatterer's "unction to their souls."

How the simple language of honest John D— palled before the high-flown tirade of the gallant captain! Fine words—"marvellous fine words" to Patty!

This sudden change in her conduct perplexed poor John sadly—tossing her pretty head, and giving herself so many new airs, as she did! Her mother was not less puzzled, and being a firm believer in witchcraft, the good woman was fully persuaded that old Molly White, who lived at the crossing of the four roads, had certainly bewitched

her daughter. To counteract, therefore, the hag-ish influence, she hung horse-shoes around the door—placed three hairs from a black cat's back crosswise up the chimney—and bathed the sleeping brow of Patty in dew gathered by moonlight from the poppy's cup—but all would not do—the witch only seemed to gain faster hold of poor Patty.

No man was ever more beloved than General Putnam by his soldiery; not one but would have held his heart's blood cheap in defence of his commander, and of these John D— ranked as warm as the rest. Now it happened that John heard the remark of his general, which gave so much offence to the British officer, and was also aware that a challenge had been sent, and, as he doubted not, accepted. Unknown to his commander, he had stealthily followed "Old Put" to the duelling ground, and, concealing himself behind the thick foliage of a tree, narrowly watched the proceedings, resolving, that if the officer had the temerity even to aim at his honored master, he would himself blow the fellow's brains out! As the rich scene developed itself, honest John could scarce restrain his glee; and nothing but the dread of his general's displeasure stifled the hearty "ho! ho! ho!" of the zealous spy. He stole softly away from the scene, and related the whole affair to the good dame and the infatuated Patty; the latter recognised at once her gallant admirer in the discomfited captain. She was not proof against the ridicule now attached to his name; and the spell of witchcraft which neither "poppy nor mandragora" could subdue, yielded at once to the *scent of an onion cask!*

Patty returned to her allegiance, and, in due time, was married to her faithful John. Covered with honorable scars, the brave fellow lived to a good old age, surrounded by children and grandchildren, on the shady banks of the Hudson.

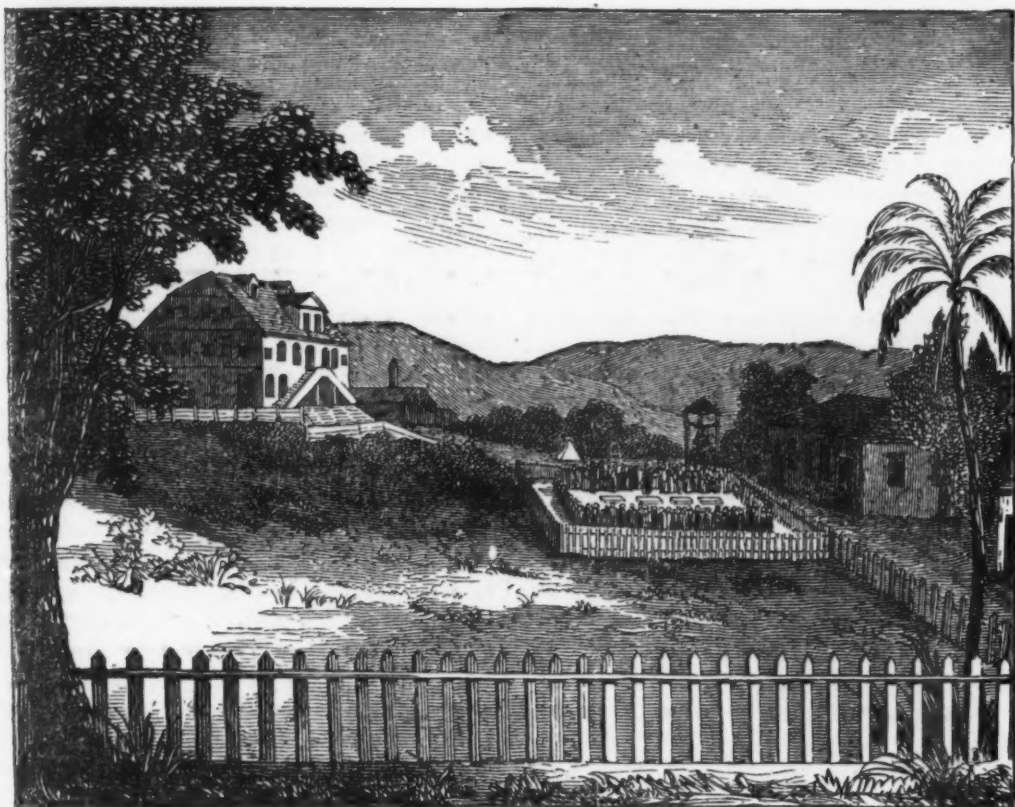
## SONG.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

THERE are hours when in sorrow we silently prove,  
In the depth of our spirits, the power of our love—  
When the heart, far removed from the one it reveres,  
Looks tranquilly back through the vista of years—  
On each word, on each look, on each smile, on each frown,  
On the being whose future is wreathed with its own.

It is then that the heart, if it loves, as it dwells  
On the meetings, the lingerings, the parting farewells,  
On the hopes, on the fears, on the blisses and pains  
Of its morning of passion, exults in its chains;  
And it springs on a pinion that never knows rest,  
To the one that it loves, like a dove to its nest.





## EASTER MORNING IN ST. CROIX.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SOME years ago, I spent a few months in the beautiful island of St. Croix. It was my first residence in a slave country, or rather among slaves, for I may be told, that my own is a slave country, and nothing, not even the peculiar productions or habits of a tropical climate, excited my interest and curiosity so much as the swarthy children of bondage. I am a man, and nothing belonging to man is alien from one; and to study humanity under circumstances so new to me, became a constant source of amusement and instruction. I know not that I made many generalizations which I can record. I am more inclined to get, if I can, into the inner heart of humanity, than to gather its statistics.

I remember well the first time I heard a man speak of himself as being owned. I had known slavery as a distant fact—but it then came home to me, and I looked at old Tony, the man in question, with new eyes. A man owned! I shall not forget the impression. Slavery is not so hard a bondage physically in St. Croix, as in some other parts of the world. The "people" are not overworked, nor underfed. Their spirits are not

crushed; and when their holidays arrive, which everywhere in Christendom are hailed with joy, save in some parts of our own land, they are ready to enjoy them with all their hearts.

I did not arrive in the island in season for the festivities of Christmas and New Year. I regretted it, for I wished very much to see the negro in his hilarity. He is a light-hearted creature, if you do not put too much upon him; and Miss Martineau thinks, better fitted to set forth the gentler virtues of Christianity than we Saxons. I believe he is essentially good-tempered, as well as light-hearted.

How deeply religious he may be, I do not know. Some things, which came under my observation, led me to believe him to be rather light-hearted in religion as in everything else. But let me not judge him. We are too widely separated for me to feel that I know him in the depth of his heart. To judge him is the province of ONE who knows him and me; and I dare say, I have quite as much need as the poor negro, to rejoice that our common Judge is merciful.

I was one day expressing my regret, that I had

not arrived a fortnight earlier, when I was reminded by a friend, who had been a winter before in the isle, of the touching ceremonies of Easter among the blacks under the care of the Moravian missionaries. And I resolved to witness them.

Easter came, and found me at Bassin, the seat of government of the island; my usual residence being at West End. I rose some time before day, and wended my way with one or two young Americans, to the Moravian Mission, on the margin of the town. The moon was far in the west, but had not yet gone down. The streets were still, though there were many blacks and some colored people moving on quietly in the same direction. Most of them went to participate in the solemnities, but we were not the only ones who were going as lookers-on. There were gala dresses in the streets even at that hour, and here and there a tinted lady, whose complexion would be thought safe even from sunbeams, might be seen defending it by a parasol from the cooler kisses of the moon.

The Mission house was at a short distance from the street, built, like many of the better dwelling houses of the island, of stone, with an arcade in front; its entrance reached by a double flight of stone steps, meeting at a common landing by the door of the principal story. It had a massy attic, and a truncated gable. We saw it across the lawn as we approached. The lane, which led to it, was a little further on, and brought us first to the smithy, where the simple-hearted but earnest missionaries hammered out their living, that they might preach the Gospel without charge to the poor negro. The smithy passed, we reached the chapel. Between these buildings and the dwelling house was the little burial ground of the mission family. There were a few plain monuments of brick in the centre of it. They were of one form, about as long and as wide as a grave, and not more than two feet in height. A small square tablet of white marble upon the breast of the simple structure, contained the brief memorial of the departed, his name and the usual dates. The story of his labors and faithfulness had a more durable record. The monuments had been freshly whitened, a custom common in the island, and which struck me as beautiful. I have seen many tombs similar in structure to the above, resting over the dust of departed slaves, without the tablet, but with a cross raised in brick over their full length. These, as Easter approached, were nicely white-washed, that the dead as well as the living might seem to meet their risen Lord with cheerful hope.

We found a large collection of people, though few of our own color. They were all quiet and cheerful. A few police-officers, marked by their red collars, were moving among the crowd, to preserve the peace, if need be; but, as far as I could see, they might as well have been away, for there

seemed no tendency to disorder. They acquitted themselves well, however, for they showed no ambition of seeming to do when there was nothing to do. We went to the door of the chapel and looked in, and received immediately a polite invitation to enter and take seats. We loved the fresh air, and declined it, but remained where we could see what was going on. The scene was striking, and, I must say, beautiful. The chapel was full of reverent worshippers—all blacks—all slaves—save the meek-looking missionaries and their families. The men were seated on one side of the house, all of them dressed neatly in white trowsers, and the jackets also of a great part of them being white. The women on the other side were dressed entirely in white, with white turbans on their heads. They remained in silence for a little time, when a simple service proceeded. An address was made by one of the missionaries. They sang—they had prayers—I was edified by what I saw, but not much by what I heard, for the language, in which the missionaries preach to their people, is negro Dutch. I know not why they use it, unless as a matter of convenience to themselves, who are Germans. English is the spoken language of the island; and I doubt if there is a negro within its borders who is not more familiar with the English Doric, which they use, than with the Dutch of the same dialect. They were devout in their attention, and sang in earnest, if not very sweet, tones. These services were timed so as to end before sunrise; and, when they had ended, the worshippers rose, and, in perfect order, moved in procession to the grave-yard. They formed a hollow square about the graves; and, just before the sun rose, they performed, what is called in their Psalm-book, "Litaney na Pascha-Groot-Sonndag, vroe vroe." I stood on the outer margin of the square, and a negro politely tendered me his book. I took hold of one side, and we read together—he, I suppose, understanding what he read, and I guessing as well as I could. It was the worship of a rude people in, perhaps, the rudest of all dialects; but there was beauty in it, and, I cannot doubt, true devotion. The scene was certainly striking, and not a little affecting. Some hundreds of black people—all slaves—cleanly dressed in white—standing in beautiful order about the graves of the servants of Christ—their spiritual guides, who had rested from their labors in the hope of rising again—were celebrating the anniversary of the resurrection of their and our Lord, in the prayers, the confessions, and the hymns of a solemn Litany.

A specimen or two of this service, and of the language, may not be unacceptable. The "Liturgy" begins "Die Heere ka staan op!" (The Lord is risen.) The people reply "Waarachtig Em ka staan op." (He is risen indeed.)

Then comes the hymn :

Jesus, na die mi betrouw,  
Em. mi Heiland leev waarachtig  
Die mi weet, op die mi brouw,  
Die mak mi Hert bli and salig, &c

I will add no further specimen of the language of this Litany, save the Lord's Prayer :

Ons Vader na die Hemel ! Joe naam word geheiligt. Joe Koningrik kom. O dat Joe will sal geskied op Aarde, so as na die Hemel. Gie ons van Dag ons daglik brood. En vergie ons ouse Skulden, so as ons vergie ons Skuldenaars. En ley ons niet na Versoeking, maar verloss ons van die Quaaje. Waut van Joe ben die Koningrik, en die Kracht, en die Heerligheid na Eewigheid. Amen.

The service went on with its mingled prayers and praises, its utterances of hope and love, and ended with the benediction. The sun was rising, and the multitude quietly and reverently dispersed. I know not how the day was spent, but it was well begun, at least, by many of them. I returned, full of pleasing and grateful thoughts, to my lodgings. I had been worshipping with bondmen, who were, however, partakers in the liberty where-with Christ hath made us free ; and, while thankful for my better condition, I could not but be thankful also that none were in so abject a state, that they could not rise to the highest of human privileges—the worship of, and communion with, the Infinite Unseen.

## A SPRING CAROL.

BY H. F. GOULD.

'T is the Spring ! and she comes,  
With the light from her crown,  
And her joy-kindling eye,  
On the earth beaming down !  
She has breathed on the streams,  
On the hill and the plain ;  
And her warm smiles have loosed  
Every cold wintry chain.  
Fountains leaping, vinelets creeping,  
Mark where she moves ;  
Tendrils clinging, sweet birds singing,  
Tell how she loves.

With her life-quickening foot,  
On the soil where she stepped,  
She aroused the young germs  
That in darkness had slept.  
'T is her pearl on the grass ;  
'T is her balm on the breeze ;  
And her green mantle, cast  
On the old forest-trees !  
Her young daughters, by the waters,  
While the brooks glide,—  
Sedge and cresses, lave their tresses  
In the clear tide.

'T is the Spring ! on the boughs  
Are her bright blossoms spread ;  
And her spice from their hearts  
On the air freely shed.  
'T is her voice from the grove,  
With its wild dulcet notes,  
That at morn, noon, and eve,  
On the soft zephyr floats.  
She uncloses lilies, roses,—  
Cups full and free !  
Where the humming bird is coming,  
And the glad bee.

Withered age totters forth,  
With his staff, from the door,  
As a new pulse of life  
Stirs his form, pale and hoar ;  
With his dull eye made quick  
By the Spring's cheering voice,  
He perceives earth and heaven,  
And his own soul, rejoice.  
Children tripping, insects skipping,—  
Tribes on the wing,—  
Sky, earth, ocean, in devotion,  
Greet holy Spring !





## SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

BY MRS. MARY S. B. DANA.

"How much better you look, my dear Henry," said Mrs. Heyward, "I am so glad you are getting better. I am sure, very sure, that I feel grateful to God now, if I never felt so before." Mrs. Heyward was leaning over her husband, as he sat up, for the first time, after a long and dangerous illness; and she fervently kissed his noble forehead as she brushed aside the locks of raven hair which shaded his pallid brow.

"And I am glad, my love, not only to look but to feel better," answered Henry Heyward, with one of his sweetest smiles. "I am glad to be better on many accounts. But I must confess that sickness has its pleasures. O, Emily, even when I was racked with pain, it was very sweet to feel your hand upon my forehead. 'Twas sweet to know that you were near me, hour after hour, and day after day, anticipating every want, and brightening, by your cheering smile, the gloom of my darkened chamber."

Emily's eyes glistened. "But Henry," said she, "there was a time when you were too ill to know what was passing around you, what comforted you then?"

"Even then, my dear Emily, I felt your pre-

sence," replied Dr. Heyward. "There was an undefined feeling of comfort and security which never left me. I declare," continued he, "I am hardly willing to get quite well, for then I shall no longer have my lovely nurse forever at my side."

Emily laughed, and threatened to enter into a conspiracy with the doctor the very next time he came.

"But," continued Dr. Heyward, in a serious tone, "I am truly grateful for my recovery. If I were the only judge of what is best for me, I should say that this illness had happened at a most unfortunate time; but I have lived long enough to know that there is a mind of infinite wisdom directing all my changes. I have been a happy man since I have learned to cast all my care on the Almighty, who careth for me."

Emily leaned her head upon her hand, and there was deep silence for a moment. When again she looked up, her fine dark eyes were suffused with tears, and her lips quivered with emotion. The words she strove to speak died upon her tongue, and she could only utter a faint sound, which soon broke into a sob.

"What is the matter, dearest?" anxiously in-

quired the invalid, "have I said anything to give you pain?" Emily threw her arms around her husband's neck, but she could not articulate a word. She only shook her head, and turned away her beautiful face, down which the tears were streaming.

Dr. Heyward was seated in a large arm-chair, of which his emaciated form engrossed so little that there was ample room for another occupant. He gently drew his wife down beside him, and laid her head upon his bosom, and wiped away the tears which *would* force themselves through her closed eyelids.

"Why do you weep, my darling Emily?" said he, "do tell me if I have said anything to distress you?"

"O, no," she answered, struggling to regain her composure; but sobbing out: "let me go, let me go," she forcibly broke from his kind embrace, and rushed out of the room.

Dr. Heyward was overcome by the scene, for he dearly loved his wife; and, owing to his recent illness, he was extremely weak. He felt that a faintness was coming over him, and seeing a bottle of cologne on a table at a little distance, he arose, and advanced a step or two to reach it. But he had overrated his strength, and just as he had gained possession of the bottle, he fell at his full length upon the floor. The long, round bottle escaped from his grasp, and rolled across the room to the feet of an old negro, who was comfortably dozing in the corner. This was no other than old Cæsar, a veteran in the service of the family, who had established himself as a fixture in Mass' Henry's room, since the commencement of his illness.

"Great Master! wha' do dat?" exclaimed Cæsar, as he felt the cold bottle against the ample soles of his feet. Then winking his eyes, and looking around the room in a state between waking and sleeping, he muttered to himself, "I spec I bin dreamin." He was about to settle himself down for another snooze, when his eye caught the prostrate figure of his master, and he sprang to his assistance.

It was several moments before the faithful old creature succeeded in restoring his master to consciousness; and as he sat upon the floor, supporting the sufferer's head upon his lap, he indulged in sundry muttered conjectures as to the cause of this sudden alteration in the state of things. "I sure," said he, giving his head a sagacious nod, "I sure I bin lef Miss Emily yer when de sleep bin teal ober me; 'e bin 'tandin by dat berry chair, wid de brush in 'e han', brushin' Mass' Henry's hair, and smilin' pon un so sweet! Ki! de berry joy obercome me so, 'e put me to sleep; an' now yer's Mass' Henry 'tretch pon de flo', faint clean 'way, an' Miss Emily gone somewhere

nudder. 'Ki! I nebber see nuttin like dis worl', you nebber know one minit wha' you guine see de nex!"

Just then, Dr. Heyward opened his eyes, and gave a languid gaze at the spot where he had last seen his wife, but not perceiving her there, he attempted to pronounce her name, and then again sank into unconsciousness.

"Now wha' I for do?" again soliloquized Cæsar, "I fraid for lef um yer, an' de Lord knows whay Miss Emily gone to. Stop, I guine jis lay 'e head down yer sof'ly, an' den I kin call ole Juno; I kin mek *dat* nigger yerry me, I know, ef de nigger house *is* fur off!"

So saying, Cæsar gently slid from under his master's head, and springing to the bed he caught up a pillow, on which he laid the precious burden. The next moment he was at the door, and stepping out into the piazza, he raised his hands to his mouth and collected his breath for a mighty effort: "Juno! *Oh* Juno!" he loudly called, with the strong emphasis on the interjection *Oh*, so usual in the Southern country.

"Ef Juno no yerry *dat*, é forgit é ole nigger voice mighty quick, dat's all I hab for say," muttered Cæsar, as he returned to his still unconscious master. Cæsar was not mistaken in the effect he supposed his well-known voice would produce upon his helpmate, for she immediately appeared in sight, and with her came two or three younger negroes, alarmed at the startling call. Cæsar pointed to the pale face of his beloved master, and was about directing Juno to fly and seek her mistress, when Emily herself came running in, for she too had heard old Cæsar's note of alarm.

"God of Heaven! what has happened?" exclaimed she, as she flew to her husband's side. "Henry! Henry! look at me! Do, Cæsar, do, Juno, bring me water! bring me cologne! do something, for heaven's sake! O mercy! mercy! I have killed him!"

Juno was soon at her side with the cologne bottle; and she whispered to the almost frantic Emily, "Keep still, Miss Emily, ma'am; poor soul! we'll bring um to directly."

After using the means that are usual in such cases, Dr. Heyward revived, and looked upon his wife with a languid smile. Juno took this opportunity to step behind her mistress; and, pulling her dress to attract her attention, she whispered again, "If you please, Miss Emily, do keep um still; no let um talk yet; no let um see how you bin frighten."

"Hush, my darling," said Mrs. Heyward, seeing that her husband was about to inquire again into the cause of her strange emotion, "wait till you are quite restored, and I will tell you all about it; but do not fear that you have said or done anything to pain me—I assure you it is not so."



With the assistance of the faithful old couple, Dr. Heyward was soon comfortably fixed in bed, and Emily seated herself beside him, bestowing those endearing attentions so grateful to the sick, especially when prompted by a heart full of devotion. Three or four little negroes, who had been basking in the sun like so many young alligators, now came running in, and peeped slyly through the half-open door, to assure themselves of the actual state of affairs in Mass' Henry's chamber; but they were warned by Emily's uplifted finger, that they might retire as soon as convenient; and they skulked away to stretch themselves in the sun, and roll in the sand, to their heart's content. They were followed by old Cæsar, who marched with his stateliest step, and gave the oldest boy, Hercules, the following important piece of information: namely, that he would teach him what he was about, and that the next time he dared to come into the house before he was called, he should see. These remarks were accompanied with sundry portentous nods of the head, and shakes of the fist, which, no doubt, produced their intended effect upon the mind of the subdued Hercules. "Madame Dido," who had charge of the negro babies, and who, in her anxiety respecting the house affairs, had left them pretty much to their own care, was ordered to "tak dem noisy niggers out o' hearin'," and was likewise informed that she was a lazy, good-for-nothing piece, and that she had much better mind, or she would see smoke. Finally, they were told to begone, every one of them, or they would be made to show the whites of their eyes a little better.

Having delivered these mysterious warnings, old Cæsar indulged himself with two or three extra shakes of his fist at the bewildered group, who, in defiance of his authority, still remained gazing at him, with a ludicrous mixture of gravity and fun upon their shining faces. Finding they did not move, he assumed his fiercest look; and, depressing his head after the manner of a goat when about to make a trial of his horns, he took two or three hasty strides towards them, probably with the intention of performing his promise in regard to the whites of their eyes—though an uninterested spectator would certainly have pronounced them to be already sufficiently developed. Hereupon, the whole group scampered away, their

broad, flat heels flying into the air with a velocity that was quite surprising; and those who had children on their backs broke into a kind of canter, that must have aided the digestion of the young ones amazingly.

Quite satisfied with this display of his authority, old Cæsar stood gazing, for a moment, at the rapid retreat of the enemy, then giving his head a sideways shake, and remarking to himself, "dem little niggers is too owdacious impident," he slowly returned to the house, not forgetting to turn round now and then, and shake his fist at any daring spirit who might be stealing a curious glance behind him. When he reached the piazza, he had so far regained his equanimity as to go up to the saddle, which had hung unmolested on its peg since his master's illness, and move it fully an inch nearer to the window. Stepping backward a pace or two, he eyed it with the gaze of a connoisseur; and, from the look of satisfaction which settled on his features, it is natural to suppose that he was pleased with the result of his experiment. He then returned to his master's room, where he found Mrs. Heyward still seated on the side of the bed, watching, like a guardian angel as she was, over the chosen of her heart. Old Juno had returned to her stronghold, the kitchen, where, as cook, she reigned supreme, always excepting the times when her venerable spouse happened to be present. Indeed, it was difficult to say which was the reigning monarch of the establishment, Dr. Heyward or old Cæsar; at any rate, Cæsar was prime minister, and, by virtue of his age and experience, he had taken the reins of government pretty much into his own hands. Why, had he not taken Mass' Henry from the time when he left his nurse's arms, and taught him every thing he knew? Had he not carried him on his back all over the plantation when he was a little shaver, just big enough to hold on? Had he not taught him to ride, and to hunt, and to fish; and did n't Mass' Henry always come to him when he wanted to find out any thing? And was n't he to take care of Mass' Henry and Miss Emily as long as the Almighty spared his life? With all this self-importance, Cæsar was not insolent nor assuming; he knew just how far his province extended, and he had not a wish nor a thought beyond.





## THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

BY F. B. GRAHAM.

HERE Willie, on this grave we'll sit  
And see the sun go down;  
For it is good an hour to spend  
Out of the busy town.  
Come sit thee by my side, my boy,  
Upon the soft, green grass,  
And watch the evening shades, and catch  
Sweet odors as they pass.

Draw closer to me, now, and place  
Your little hand in mine,  
And look up softly in my eyes,  
That I may look in thine;  
For they are bright and beautiful  
As thy dear father's were,  
And as I gaze, methinks I see  
His love-light beaming there!

And, Willie, sing the little song  
He taught you ere he died;  
You used to sing it all day long  
While sitting by my side;  
But now you're fatherless, your voice  
In song is seldom heard,  
And you seem sad and lonely as  
A young, forsaken bird.

Now sing it once again, my boy,  
In your fond mother's ear—  
Your father sleeps beneath—but oh!  
He never more will hear  
Those sweet, melodious, flute-like tones  
That pleased him so, when life,  
And hope, and happiness, were his,  
With Willie, and his wife.

You cannot sing! Ah, no, my child,  
Those tears must freely flow;  
But pardon me if my sad strain  
Has set you weeping so.  
Your mother would not cause you pain,  
Nor sadden your young heart;  
But see, the sun is getting low,  
And we must now depart.

Oh, often, Willie, may you come  
And sit, in after years,  
Upon this grass-green grave, and shed  
A few unbidden tears.  
And should your mother leave you, too,  
You'll lay her by his side,  
And then this spot to you will be  
A home at eventide!

## SOUTHERN ITALY.

*"Vedi Napoli e poi muori."*

BY GEORGE H. CURTIS.

It is in southern Italy that one seems to touch the Italian heart. There is realized the ideal azure transparency of the atmosphere which steepens the land and sea line in a haze, which is rather a palpable glow or warm air visible, than a mist. For it is only in the noons of the warmest days that the landscape is shrouded, and then it rather melts into the air, than is concealed by a vapor. This golden purity makes the magnificent mountain shore of Naples Bay, which is opposite the city, and Vesuvius, the graceful crown of the bay, surfaces of wonderful colors. In so clear an atmosphere, the mountains do not appear so lofty as in a cloudy region, for clouds love mountains, and flatter their greatness; but they have a constant beauty and satisfaction for the eye, which is only the gift of the rarest summer days in other mountain regions. From morning till night in late May, every hue of rich softness and transparent brilliancy plays along these heights—at noon dissolving them into unreality, and as the afternoon wanes, streaking them with deep, mellow shadows, and baring their outline sculptured in the moonlight; that outline whose singular grace has given the fame to the bay beneath.

That bay has all the beauty of its fame. Its shores are stately mountains, and gentler vineyarded hills; and from the white pyramidal Naples along the base of Vesuvius until lost beyond in the orange and olive-groves of Sorrento, the margin of the bay is lined with little towns like a continuous city, and, seen from a distance, like a beach of shining shells. The view from the centre of the city quite to the open sea, is unimpeded. Capri, alone, a little beyond the point of the Sorrento promontory, like a part of the main land drifted out to sea, rises boldly and pale from the blue water. Its cliffs are so white, that in certain lights it is quite invisible, and again it floats like a mirage in the air.

It is this grand simplicity of Naples Bay which makes it so beautiful and superior. It lacks none of the elements of the finest seaside charm. Its shores are gentle, and green, and graceful, also bold and lofty. Its city is all exposed—its water-

surface is spacious—its island, Capri, fairy-like—and Ischia, seen from the opposite shore, proud and stately. It has all beauties and no prettinesses—nor shall the faint odor of orange flowers blown from Sorrento over the gleaming water, be forgotten.

I said that here one feels the heart of Italy, because the vision of sky and earth in their most delicate and luxuriant inspiration and satisfaction, is that which is purely Italian in our home-dream of Europe, and because it is around Naples that it is found. The interest of Rome, always more grand and solemn as one lives there longer, is not of this fascinating and external character. The Roman feeling is profound and mournful. Its charm is that of the equal tomb, of a wonderful world-commanding race. The soul is stirred by weird, mysterious influences, by the shades of the dead and their august remains—by the palace of the Apollo and the Laocoon and the Transfiguration, and by the poetic ritual and perpetual presence of the Church, which has blended its mystery with the mystery of the spot. The waste around Rome, the flowery desolation of the Campagna, deepens the gravity of this mood. Exquisite days burst through the winter, like splendid flowers through the snowy silence of old graves. These exhilarate, but they are a wonderful contrast to the mournful city upon which they shine.

Elegant Florence, lying in fame separate and refined as it shines gem-like among the gentle swell of olive-groved hills, leads its visitor to the Pitti and Uffizi, through its narrow, grim streets, in the deep shadow of Guelph and Ghibbine palaces, in which the fierce strain of its middle-age life yet vaguely sounds, and leaves these in his memory as its chiefest charm.

Voluptuous Venice, an oriental song upon the sea, if architecture be indeed frozen music, whose charm is too subtle to be really expressed, although so readily described, blends the mystery of the East with the luxury of Italy, and separates its days from all other days, and from reality.

Parisian Milan, clustering stately around its cathedral heart, the fairy fancy of the north real-

ized in snowy spires which meet forever in a southern sky, and never disappear.

Gorgeous Genoa, asleep in a September twilight in the silver silence of steep olive-groves, dear to an American as the gate through which passed the first European to his own land, yet a gate so vine-wreathed and orange-garlanded that he had been forgiven for sleeping in its shade forever. All these cities are children of Italy, over all of them she bends with her wonderful sky, into all of them she breathes her soul of leisure and repose.

But it is upon Naples, perhaps, like a tender mother, because it has little extrinsic interest, that she lavishes her light and splendor. There the vines are more lustrously green,—there the orange and olive groves are finer, as they are nearer the sun, and the sea and the sky blend their delicacy and freshness. The stranger wanders curiously through the museum, and, once having seen it, will scarcely desert the air again. The pictures are not commanding—the churches are not interesting—there is no city so large, which has so few objects of a traveller's attention. Everything draws the loiterer out upon the bay, along the shore, among the vines and figs. It is the happiness of pure sensation, so exquisite that one enjoys life for the mere living. The perpetual play of the bay soothes and satisfies. No Roman longings and passionate regrets and solemn satisfactions, no Florentine raptures in the celestial vision of the mother and her child, no vague Venetian sadness, which is like Joy as a sister is like a brother, but content in life, full, gushing, generous, as the sunlight:

"Naples! thou heart of men which ever pantest,  
Naked beneath the lidless eye of Heaven,  
Elysian city, which to calm enchantest  
The mutinous sea and air—they round thee, even  
As sleep round Love are driven."

So sang Shelley, and his feeling is invaluable, because his nature was so exquisitely delicate, that it responded truly to the external impression, as a harp which is finely strung to every whisper and wail of the wind. The "Stanzas written in dejection near Naples," I would willingly quote entire, as a most subtle echo in a poet's thought and melody of the luxurious silence and delight of a southern Italian day. If it is mournful music, it is only because his whole being was then modulated in a minor key; and although he could appreciate the character of every influence which moved him, he could only express it as he did. Thus through the unselfish sadness of these verses, still breathes the soul-satisfying temper of the day, and feeling the want of accord with its character, not of sadness, but of that sort of sadness, he says:

"Some might lament that I were cold,  
As I when this sweet day is gone,  
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
Insults with its untimely moan;  
They might lament, for I am one  
Whom men love not, and yet regret,  
Unlike this day, which when the sun  
Shall on its stainless glory set,  
Will linger, though enjoyed, like Joy in memory yet."

So in his "Julian and Maddalo," the passionate tale vaguely realizes the dreary, inexplicable sadness, of some days in Venice.

It is in such unconscious impressions of days and things upon men so real as Shelley, that the Italian character is best felt. Books written *in* Italy, rather than those *about* Italy, are stamped with the southern seal. In the former poem, the poet calls Naples, farther,

"Metropolis of a ruined paradise."

But Italy is a paradise ruined only to those whose minds and hopes, bent strongly upon human welfare, are impatient of that repose which long depression and inactivity has created. Those who separate the country from the people, and are not driven by conscience out of Dream-land, create in it a population of their own, faint hints of which lie sometimes in the deep, dark, sad eyes, and mellow complexions, which meet the traveller at every turn; and would startle him by their wild and passionate, yet to him, far-away beauty, which fascinates the imagination more than the heart, were not the feeling of the land a spell which steals the shock from surprise, and makes this passionate beauty and lyrical language the only proper sights and sounds.

The character of this beauty is very different in various parts of Italy. The women of Rome still show a grand, majestic mien, as if the blood of Roman pride yet lingered in their veins. It is a commanding beauty, but not fascinating, because now it seems in decay. The Roman women are peasant Junos. Their broad shoulders and magnificent busts support a head which is queenly; and their manner of dressing their heavily-folding, black hair, enhances this proud character. With shining metal pins, and brilliant ribbons, the head-toilette is very complete; and, as they always walk uncovered, it is a perpetual pleasure to meet them. What the prime of the Roman beauty must have been, one feels in the Florence Fornarina, which has been always doubtfully assigned to Raphael, and is now claimed for Sebastien del Piombo, as a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, the noble Roman poet, and the only woman whom Michael Angelo seems to have loved. This has the same broad, mild, majestic beauty, which is yet hinted in the Roman women, but it is deepened and refined by an infinite tenderness and delicacy, of



which they suggest little. It is a picture which, from the copies and engravings, one fears to find clumsy, as he readily might find so many of the Romans; but the portrait itself is so dignified and graceful, with such a reality of loving life in the eyes, that the women of Rome linger longest in the memory, because they are suggestions of the complete character of this picture. The Roman *Fornarina* is a little, gay girl, much like a Neapolitan.

The Tuscan women have no characteristic beauty; but that of the north of Italy is interesting, and more fascinating. In Venice, the same faces look out of windows, and lean over balconies, and glide by in gondolas, that one sees in Titian's and Paul's paintings. The daughter of Palma Vecchio, who was the model of Titian's *Flora*, and who appeared in many contemporary pictures—a sunny, gentle beauty—is a fair type of the modern Venetians. But in Milan and Como are the most interesting-looking women. They cease to be goddesses and pictures there.

In Naples and the south, again, the careless indolence and luxury of the climate moulds the women into a gay, listless, olive-skinned race, who lithely dance the *Tarantella*, as if their life led naturally to nothing else. They lie among the boats drawn high upon the sand, and live in the narrow, dingy streets, upon the steep hill-side, over the bay. They are graceful objects in the landscape, dancing before the eye, drunk with the spirit of its vision of sky and land and sea.

And Naples itself is the proper capital of this kingdom of the sun. At sunrise we approached the entrance of the bay, passing *Ischia* and *Procida*, but *Capri* lay shrouded in the morning mist; yet at times it faintly drew its outline through the air, hardly so assuring one, that it was not a fable, and its "*Grotto Azzura*" only a poet's dream. The promontory of *Misene* was distinct—*Baie* beyond, and *Pozzuoli* and the gently undulating, cultivated and populous shores, were like the banks of the North River on a hazy summer morning. The same sudden green promontories, sinking into the water, with a cheerful white house crowning the summit—the same gently-swelling banks from the sea-side, velvety with the natural luxuriance of the land—the same bays, calming the water with the deep shadows of impending hills. As we rounded into the bay, *Vesuvius*, at its head, broadly based upon the sea, rose gradually, hiding its head in a grateful cloud. On the right, the mountain ridge of the *Sorrento* Promontory sank away from its proud crest of *San Angelo* down to the templed cape of *Minerva*; and upon the left, *Naples* rose from the water, massive, broad, and glittering, to the sombre castle of *St. Elmo*, which crowns its apex. Only the broad features of the whole were gracefully sketched upon the eye, before we stepped ashore, and entered the streets.

After the solemn grandeur of Rome, it was all sunny and lively. A stately, spacious city, that bares its heart to the sun and sea, whose broad, beautiful streets, upon the water, are crowded with a motley throng of curious idlers, whom we joined; and passed the *Theatre San Carlo*, by the magnificent palace of the king, a noble object from the water, and very imposing from the broad square in front. Through the street *Santa Lucia*, built upon the shore, with its range of four and five-storied houses, overtopped by the hill, against whose perpendicular side they stand, and along whose ridge are clustered quaint old houses, like the humble ancestors of modern pride beneath. By these, and by the castle fort, which protects the city and harbor, we entered the *Villa Reale*, or royal pleasure-ground, a promenade laid out with care and taste, upon the very margin of the bay.

The trees which line and arch the walks, are trained to protect them from the sea-storms. But through their lustrous shade, steals to the very heart of summer-heats the coolest wind of the Mediterranean. Here, in the warm weather, the crowds of gay Neapolitans, allured by the twilight, meet and mingle, tasting the fresh sea-air—hearing delicious music from the royal bands—catching the gleam of distant statues in the moonlight—and gliding across the calm bay to the opposite shore, whither faintly-heard horns summon them all night long.

It was daylight, and not yet June, but the garden was very beautiful—the blue line of the sea, dotted with the white sails of the fishermen—*Sorrento* scarcely seen, and coy *Vesuvius*, too proud to unveil itself to a heart so readily pleased with the sunny charm of the city and day.

This garden is full of rare exotics. Palms and oriental flowers, and huge-leaved, sun-sucking aloes, spread themselves in the warm air; and, at intervals, upon the mellow darkness of the shade, is drawn the pure, white outlines of the finest statues. There are one or two little temples; and the whole garden is so full and rich, that, on a festival-day, when the Neapolitan girl-nurses come in their costumes, with the children, and dance and frolic to the music, there is no more enchanting picture of the South.

The shore, from the edge of the water to the ascent of the hill, is here very broad; and between the garden and the houses, at the foot of the hill, extends a wide street, which is the fashionable drive, and the residence of most of the strangers. The houses are very lofty, and the upper windows look over the green of the villa, upon the bay and the shores, with *Vesuvius*. Every window is gayly draped, and before each is a little balcony, which gives a graceful, picturesque character to the whole street. But leaving in this *Chiaja* and

the villa their elegant and brilliant crowds—one emerges from the farther end of the garden directly upon the sandy shore of the bay into the throngs of fishers and boatmen, who sit upon their boats, turned up to the sun, clothed only in short, loose trousers, woollen shirt and red woollen cap, hanging upon the side of the head. They were smoking pipes, or indolently mending their boats. Some ran bare-legged in the waves which lapped upon the shore, pulling up a boat newly arrived, or sweeping with hand-nets for fish. Those upon the shore were eager that we should take a boat and taste upon the water the beauty of the bay. Naked, gipsy-like boys, with heavily-matted black hair, and piercing eyes under low foreheads, sprang from lying by the boats, and turned their round, bronzed faces up to ours, to invite us to the shore. A few women sat in the groups. Some were old and gray, and desolate; others looked listless and worn; others were younger and archer, and their keen eyes flashed as they shouted ready jokes in the unknown Neapolitan dialect. They were all weird figures drawn upon that beautiful day. They had no real human interest or relation with the eyes that saw them. Nor would those eyes have been surprised, had mermaid faces yearned out of the sparkling waves, or horns of Tritons blown sweetly over the water.

Just beyond this fisher-group rose the steep hill of Posilippo, among whose vineyards is Virgil's tomb, and which, steering suddenly and steeply from the water, leaves only a narrow road below, which still follows upon the shore the windings of the bay. We strolled on, until, at some two or three miles from the centre of the city, the houses still clung along the shore, but began to be more widely-separated, and surrounded with gardens. Here is the modern ruin of Naples—the palace of Joanna. It is a stern, feudal-looking building, reaching into the sea, which plunges and dashes around the base. The road is now cut out of the slope of the hill, and begins to ascend over the level of the water, so that we leaned upon a wall and looked down into the old gardens of the palace upon the margin of the bay. Among the ruins of summer-houses, perhaps, and luxurious pavilions, rank beds of fleur-de-lis and huge, flaunting, and angled rose-trees, cloyed the air with sweets. Behind us, upon the other side of the road, the hill rose perpendicularly in a smooth face of solid tufa—a soft, pliable rock. Even houses are sculptured from the rock, in which live poor spinners and mechanics, hard at work as we passed, quite unconscious that they dwelt upon the verge of paradise. I marked one sad-eyed man, who stood at the door with folded arms, untouched by the sun and flowers, and looking far away over the sea, as if his bay of Naples lay beyond.

The road still ascended over the water, broad

and finely Macadamized and protected upon both sides by massive, low walls. Under these, upon the water-side, descended gardens in spacious, flowery terraces to the shore. The fragrance haunted the air, and in the warm noon made summer all around us. Constantly allured to pause, we sat upon the wall while the eye wandered away from the flowery margin out upon the blue, rippling sea toward the horizon line or Capri, which floated a bright cloud upon the waves, or the long reach from the point of Sorrento, where sang the syrens, and lured Ulysses as he sailed round to Vesuvius, and the white city stepping so proudly in broad terraces of shining roofs to the bay. It was a picture of perfect summer repose—the reality of that bay of Naples, which is a mirage of the imagination, until some subtle day spells it into reality.

This road is the favorite drive of the Neapolitans: and as we straggled slowly along, sumptuous carriages with gay footmen, rolled constantly by at every bend of the road, a more luxurious beauty unfolding upon the voluptuous eyes they bore. Reaching the point of Posilippo, the road turns through the hill and emerges over the promontory of Misena, upon the bay of Pozzuoli and Baïæ, and upon all the remains of the Roman southern pleasure-haunt. It is the charm of this land, that whatever is uninteresting itself, is redeemed by its history. No sea-shore is barren upon which Masaniello harangued his fishers. No twilight is silent, through which rings the bell which tolled at the same hour the terrible vespers of Palermo. No hill sides are bare upon which goldened the Falernian vintage. No boat glides solitary across the crescent bay upon which the imperial barge of Hadrian has floated. It is so around Naples, and so through Italy. It is music whose strains began with the beginnings of our history, whose melody is not for our ears only, but is a feeling for our hearts and hopes. Our day will be modulated in it, as another cadence for the delight and wonder of another race.

We wandered slowly back in the afternoon of this delicious day. One must live a long time in Italy, if he would see it and know it; or rather he must be naturally Italianized, that he may feel instinctively how exquisite its character is. It is not so tropical that its winter is beautiful. In the chill of those months, from November to April, a few days only indicate what is possible, and are heralds of the spring. But the spring and summer well keep the promise of those days. Many dash from Genoa to Naples, and back through Rome, Florence and Milan, to Paris, who, chilled in the uncomfortable weather, feel that Italy floats as far away as it did over the sea. But the grand old pictures in the galleries reveal their best beauty only to long, and loving, and earnest contempla-



tion, and the land itself will no more be *seen* or *done*. If the Italy of the imagination cannot be seen with the eyes, because the deeper beauty of what is seen will continually elevate that of the unseen, yet one will discover that his ideal Italy is only the celestial portrait of features and grace which he actually beholds.

After the dinginess of Rome, the houses seemed very bright and clean, so that the city had a modern air, an impression that was constantly renewed, although it is one of the oldest of European cities. As we returned in the twilight along the Villa Reale, Vesuvius stood in the cloudless, clear night, with a keen, golden haze over its point, like the vivid reflection of internal fires. A line of starry points indicated the gleaming stream of lava, which rolled away upon the other side of the mountain: for the lava stream is not all glowing upon the surface, but is partly crusted over and concealed with old, hard lava, beneath which it makes its sluggish way, like a gorged, fiery serpent, winding down to the sea. We went into the brilliant café, which was crowded with people eating ices, and surrounded by a gaping crowd of beggars and idlers, who stared in at the huge windows, and also by lines of carriages, in which sat the ladies, served with ices and conversing with their cavaliers. This café is at the extremity of the Toledo or Broadway of Naples—the chief central street, broader but not so imposing as the Corso in Rome, which, although narrow, is a most stately street, lined with dark palaces and palace-like houses.

There is no trottoir in an Italian street, and the vast crowd moving slowly through the Toledo, extended from side to side. It seemed as if all

the inhabitants were there. Public writers, solemn-faced, spectacled men sat upon the street sides by their little tables, covered with paper and pens; and booths of money-changers, whose counters were dusky with piles of the copper coin of Naples; and the fanciful fruit-stands hung with oranges and wreaths of flowers, and huge masses of tulips and roses exposed for sale, stood along the way. The shops were bright behind, the street brilliantly illuminated, and the universal aspect of leisure and enjoyment—the soft evening air, the flowers and the brilliance, made it rather a picturesque hall than the street of a town.

Returning to the streets upon the water, we met two men, one of whom played a guitar and sang, while the other accompanied him with the violin. The voice was clear and strong, and sweet, and sang many of the barcaroles, and still singing, they passed beyond us. Then a hand-organ played some of the same airs in another street. In the high, narrow, lane-like street the sound was very sweet, and I have heard many a worse serenade. Later, a chorus passed under the window, singing: "Te voglio ben assai," one of the most popular of the Neapolitan songs. The airs of the barcaroles are very picturesque and melodious, and one hears them sung at all hours of the day and night, by the fishermen among their boats, or the lazzaroni, lying upon their backs on the broad stone walls over the water.

So picturesque and pleasant were the first views of Naples—lazy, sunny, sauntering Naples, waking into its summer life. When afterward the intenser, withering heats came, what but the sumptuous silence of Venice could win one from such delicate depths of delight?

## FAINT NOT IN ADVERSITY.

BY W. G. H.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.—Prov. xxiv. 10.

When dark days come, as come they will,  
Changed fortune's storms thy head assailing,  
O place thy trust in Heaven still,  
With soul unbent and heart unquailing:  
Faint not, faint not! but bear thee up,  
And calmly quaff life's bitter cup.

Thy strength is small, thou fainting soul,  
If mid the cares and griefs of life,  
That o'er thee in fierce tempests roll,  
Thou quail'st in the mad'ning strife.  
Misfortunes come, do all we can;  
Who meets them best is *most* the man.

Burdens well borne will soon be light;  
And ills well met will disappear;  
In sorrow's deepest, darkest night,

Trust still, that brighter days are near:  
Faint not! for Heaven is over all,  
And, if thou faint, thy strength is small.

Sought'st thou a flower, and hast thou found  
Within thy bleeding hand, a thorn?  
Be patient; time shall heal the wound,—  
O'er perished hopes forbear to mourn.  
Faint not! kind Heaven is over all,  
And, if thou faint, thy strength is small.

Go forth, at duty's stern command;  
Earth has enough for thee to do;  
Discharge it, with a zealous hand,  
And, to thy trust be ever true:  
Faint not! for Heaven is over all,  
And, if thou faint, thy strength is small.



## GREGORY BRANDON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Gregory Brandon, the executioner of Charles First, pined, during his last sickness, for the want of the forgiveness of his sovereign.

"WHAT irks thee, father? In thy sleep  
I see thee toss and start,—  
And sometimes thou dost groan and weep  
As from a labouring heart;  
And since this burning fever came,  
I hear thee wildly say,  
Amid the conflict of thy dream,  
'Turn, turn those eyes away.'"

"My life hath been a life of blood,"  
The sick man said with pain,—  
"And monsters from its curdling flood  
Creep forth and gnaw my brain;  
But, daughter, thou art good and kind,  
And I will tell thee true,"—  
He paused—for o'er his forehead came  
Large drops, like chilling dew.

"When civil war, with countless ills,  
This suffering land dismayed,  
All reckless of her woes I lived,  
And plied my savage trade;  
Full many a high and gallant head  
My axe hath shred away,  
And I was boisterous in my cups,  
When there was need to pray!

"Once, on a bitter, wintry time,  
Five weeks from Christmas tide,  
When in Rosemary lane we lived,  
Ere your poor mother died,—  
Stout Axtell drew me from my home,  
Stern man he was and grim,—  
And with a heavy, golden bribe  
Urged me to wend with him.

"A butcher's coat, a sable mask,  
Did form and face enshrine,  
And well such hideous garb beseeemed  
A deed so foul as mine;  
To Whitehall's stately dome he led,  
And at that palace fair,  
Strange sight!—a scaffold rudely frowned,  
And axe and block were there.

"Then from that fair and princely hall,  
Where oft the feast was spread,  
He came, the anointing oil who bore  
Upon his royal head:

As noble was his lofty brow,  
As clear his dauntless tone,  
As when a sceptred hand he raised  
Upon his father's throne.

"A single prelate, bathed in tears,  
A friend, in sorrow tried,  
A soldier with uncovered head,\*  
Alone, were near his side,—  
While all around, a countless throng  
Like blackening cloud did lower,  
That erst, with pæans loud and long  
Would laud his day of power.

"His hour had come.—I bowed me down,  
There on that fatal spot,  
To crave the pardon of my king,  
But he forgave me not!  
No! from those fixed and lustrous eyes  
Beamed such a mournful ray,  
That never from my secret soul  
Their glance hath fled away.

"His hour had come. The prelate spake  
As one with anguish riven,  
'One stage alone, my king remains,  
One step from earth to heaven!'  
'I go,' the sufferer said, 'a clime  
From all disturbance free,  
A heavenly, for an earthly crown,  
A blest exchange shall be.'

"His lips were moved in prayer profound,  
Beside the block he knelt,—  
But ah! once more that searching glance  
Did make my spirit melt:—  
I struck—scarce knowing what I did,  
For all grew dark around,  
And earth below, and skies above,  
Returned a hollow sound!

"I saw not, when that head they raised,  
But on the scaffold dire,  
I heard the drip of sacred blood,  
That scathed my breast like fire;  
While from the people's grieving heart  
Burst such a groan of pain,

\* Bishop Jaxon, Sir Thomas Herbert, and Colonel Tomlinson.

As nevermore, this English realm  
I trust shall hear again.

"Then fiercely through the awe-struck ranks  
The armed horsemen rode,  
Dispersing and commanding all  
To seek their own abode,—  
But ah! in mine, that glittering hoard,  
Those thirty pounds well told,  
Seemed like the traitor Judas' hire  
For which his hope was sold."

"O father, father, fret not so!"  
The pitying maiden said,  
"It was your lot, and not your will,  
To do this work of dread,—  
Grim men were they, and hard of heart,  
Who bare the rule that day,  
And had you spared the precious blood,  
Most sure, your own would pay."

"They might have crushed me in their ire,  
Or trod me to the tomb,  
But thus to linger slow away  
Doth seem a sterner doom;—  
To moulder piecemeal, here, my child,  
And night and day to see  
Those tender and reproachful eyes  
Forever fixed on me.

"In youth, and healthful prime, our sins  
Lie on the conscience light,  
But in old age and evil time,  
With scorpion lash they smite.  
Oh daughter! who with duteous feet  
This pilgrim-path dost tread,  
Keep clean thy hands, keep pure thy heart,  
And bide the day of dread."

Once, while the chilling dawn was dark,  
With noiseless step she crept,  
Beside the sick man's couch, to mark  
If peacefully he slept:—

But the strained eyes were open wide,  
The jaws asunder set,  
And firmly clenched the wasted hands,  
As though some foe he met.

Yet in those orbs was sight no more,  
'Tween the white lips no breath,  
And every sharpened feature wore  
The torture-stamp of death.—  
The man of blood had passed away,—  
And the lone trembler there  
Through every future change and chance  
Of gladness or despair,—

Her father's sorrows ne'er forgot,  
And though her scroll of life  
Grew radiant with the blessed names  
Of mother, and of wife,—  
Yet sometimes would she wildly scream,  
And clasp her hands and pray,  
As stole a whisper o'er her dream,  
"Turn,—turn those eyes away!"

NOTE.—This testimony is from the Rev. Philip Henry, a pious and excellent non-conformist divine. His biographer, the Rev. Matthew Henry, author of a Commentary on the Scriptures, thus remarks: "Having permission to leave the University at Oxford, on a visit to his father, he was at Whitehall, Jan. 30th, 1648, when King Charles was beheaded, and with a very sad heart, saw that tragical blow given. Two things he used to speak of, which I know not whether any of the historians mention. One was, that at the instant when the blow was given, there was such a dismal, universal groan, among the thousands of people that were in sight of it, as it were with one consent, as he never heard before, and desired he never might hear the like again, nor see such cause for it. The other was, that immediately after the stroke was struck, there was, according to order, one troop marching from Charing-Cross towards King-street, and another from King-street towards Charing-Cross, purposely to disperse and scatter the people, and to divert the dismal thoughts that they could not but be filled with, by driving them to shift every one, for his own safety."

## SONNET TO NIGHT.

BY GRETTA.

Oh! look, my love, as over seas and lands  
Comes shadowy Night, with dew, and peace, and rest,  
How every flower clasps its folded hands  
And leans in love upon her faithful breast!  
How still, how calm, is all around us now,  
From the high stars to this pale flower beneath,  
Calm as the quiet on an infant's brow,

Rock'd to deep slumber in the lap of death.  
Be still! move not, it is a holy hour,  
And this soft muse of nature, bending low,  
Lists like the sinless pair in Eden's bower,  
For angel pinions waving to and fro.  
Oh! holy Night, what mysteries are thine,  
Graven in stars upon thy page divine!

## KTAADN, AND THE MAINE WOODS.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

No. I.

### THE WILDS OF THE PENOBSCOT.

ON the 31st of August, 1846, I left Concord in Massachusetts for Bangor and the backwoods of Maine, by way of the railroad and steamboat, intending to accompany a relative of mine engaged in the lumber trade in Bangor, as far as a dam on the west branch of the Penobscot, in which property he was interested. From this place, which is about one hundred miles by the river above Bangor, thirty miles from the Houlton military road, and five miles beyond the last log hut, I proposed to make excursions to mount Ktaadn, the second highest mountain in New England, about thirty miles distant, and some of the lakes of the Penobscot, either alone or with such company as I might pick up there. It is unusual to find a camp so far in the woods at that season, when lumbering operations have ceased, and I was glad to avail myself of the circumstance of a gang of men being employed there at that time in repairing the injuries caused by the great freshet in the spring. The mountain may be approached more easily and directly on horseback and on foot from the north-east side, by the Aroostook road, and the Wassataquoik river; but in that case you see much less of the wilderness, none of the glorious river and lake scenery, and have no experience of the batteau and the boatman's life. I was fortunate also in the season of the year, for in the summer myriads of black flies, or, as the Indians call them, "no-see-ems," make travelling in the woods almost impossible; but now their reign was nearly over.

Ktaadn, whose name is an Indian word signifying highest land, was first ascended by white men in 1804. It was visited by Professor J. W. Bailey of West Point in 1836, by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, the State Geologist, in 1837, and by two young men from Boston in 1845. All these have given accounts of their expeditions. Since I was there, two or three other parties have made the excursion and told their stories. Besides these, very few, even among backwoodsmen and hunters, have ever climbed it, and it will be a long time before the tide of fashionable travel sets that way. The

mountainous region of the State of Maine stretches from near the White Mountains, northeasterly one hundred and sixty miles, to the head of the Aroostook river, and is about sixty miles wide. The wild or unsettled portion is far more extensive. So that some hours only of travel in this direction will carry the curious to the verge of a primitive forest, more interesting, perhaps, on all accounts, than they would reach by going a thousand miles westward.

The next forenoon, Tuesday, Sept. 1st, I started with my companion in a buggy from Bangor for "up river," expecting to be overtaken the next day night, at Mattawamkeag Point, some sixty miles off, by two more Bangoreans, who had decided to join us in a trip to the mountain. We had each a knapsack or bag filled with such clothing and articles as were indispensable, and my companion carried his gun.

Within a dozen miles of Bangor we passed through the villages of Stillwater and Oldtown, built at the falls of the Penobscot, which furnish the principal power by which the Maine woods are converted into lumber. The mills are built directly over and across the river. Here is a close jam, a hard rub, at all seasons; and then the once green tree, long since white, I need not say as the driven snow, but as a driven log, becomes lumber merely. Here your inch, your two and your three inch stuff begin to be, and Mr. Sawyer marks off those spaces which decide the destiny of so many prostrate forests. Through the steel riddle, more or less coarse, is the arrowy Maine forest, from Ktaadn and Chesuncook, and the head waters of the St. John, relentlessly sifted, till it comes out boards, clapboards, laths, and shingles such as the wind can take, still perchance to be slit and slit again, till men get a size that will suit. Think how stood the white-pine tree on the shore of Chesuncook, its branches soughing with the four winds, and every individual needle trembling in the sunlight—think how it stands with it now—sold, perchance to the New England Friction Match Company! There were in 1837, as I



read, two hundred and fifty saw mills on the Penobscot and its tributaries above Bangor, the greater part of them in this immediate neighborhood, and they sawed two hundred millions of feet of boards annually. To this is to be added, the lumber of the Kennebeck, Androscoggin, Saco, Passamaquoddy, and other streams. No wonder that we hear so often of vessels which are becalmed off our coast, being surrounded a week at a time by floating lumber from the Maine woods. The mission of men there seems to be, like so many busy demons, to drive the forest all out of the country, from every solitary beaver swamp, and mountain side, as soon as possible.

At Oldtown we walked into a batteau manufactory. The making of batteaux is quite a business here for the supply of the Penobscot river. We examined some on the stocks. They are exceedingly light and beautiful vessels, calculated for rapid and rocky streams, and to be carried over long portages on men's shoulders. They are from eighteen to twenty-five feet long, and only four or four and a half wide, sharp at both ends like a canoe, though broadest forward on the bottom, and reaching seven or eight feet over the water, in order that they may slip over rock as gently as possible. They are made very slight, only two boards to a side, secured to a few light maple knees, but of the clearest and widest white-pine stuff, of which there is a great waste on account of their form, for the bottom is left perfectly flat, not only from side to side, but from end to end. Sometimes they become "hogging" even, after long use, and the boatmen then turn them over and straighten them by a weight at each end. They told us that one wore out in two years on the rocks, and sold for from fourteen to sixteen dollars. There was something refreshing and wildly musical to my ears in the very name of the white man's canoe, reminding me of Charlevoix and Canadian Voyageurs. The batteau is a sort of mongrel between the canoe and the boat, a fur-trader's boat.

The ferry here took us past the Indian island. As we left the shore, I observed a short shabby washerwoman-looking Indian; they commonly have the woe-begone look of the girl that cried for spilt milk—just from "up river,"—land on the Oldtown side near a grocery, and drawing up his canoe, take out a bundle of skins in one hand, and an empty keg or half-barrel in the other, and scramble up the bank with them. This picture will do to put before the Indian's history, that is, the history of his extinction. In 1837, there were three hundred and sixty-two souls left of this tribe. The island seemed deserted to-day, yet I observed some new houses among the weather-stained ones, as if the tribe had still a design upon life; but generally they have a very shabby and forlorn, cheerless look, being all back side and woodshed, not

homesteads, even Indian homesteads, but instead of home or abroadstead, for there life is *domi aut militia*, at home or at war, or now rather *venatus*, that is, a hunting, and most of the latter. The church is the only trim-looking building, but that is not Abenaki's, that was Rome's doings. Good Canadian it may be, but it is poor Indian. These were the ancient Tarrantines. Politics are all the rage with them now. I even thought that a row of wigwams, with a dance of powwows, and a prisoner tortured at the stake, would be more respectable than this.

We landed in Milford, and rode along on the east side of the Penobscot, having a more or less constant view of the river, and the Indian islands in it, for they retain all the islands as far up as Nickatow, at the mouth of the East Branch. They are generally well-timbered, and are said to be better soil than the neighboring shores. The river seemed very shallow and rocky, and interrupted by rapids, rippling and gleaming in the sun. We paused a moment to see a fish-hawk dive for a fish down straight as an arrow, from a great height, but he missed his prey this time. It was the Houlton Military Road on which we were now travelling, over which some troops were marched once towards Mars' Hill, though not to Mars' field, as it proved. It is the main, almost the only, road in these parts, as straight and well made, and kept in as good repair, as almost any you will find anywhere. Everywhere we saw signs of the great freshet—this house standing awry, and that where it was not founded, but where it was found, at any rate, the next day; and that other with a water-logged look, as if it were still airing and drying its basement, and logs with everybody's marks upon them, and sometimes the marks of their having served as bridges, strewn along the road. We crossed the Sunkhaze, a summery Indian name, the Olemmon, Passadumkeag, and other streams, which make a greater show on the map than they now did on the road. At Passadumkeag, we found anything but what the name implies, earnest politicians, to wit—white ones, I mean—on the alert, to know how the election is likely to go; men who talk rapidly, with subdued voice, and a sort of factitious earnestness, you cannot help believing, hardly waiting for an introduction, one on each side of your buggy, endeavoring to say much in little, for they see you hold the whip impatiently, but always saying little in much. Caucuses they have had, it seems, and caucuses they are to have again—victory and defeat: somebody may be elected, somebody may not. One man, a total stranger, who stood by our carriage, in the dusk, actually frightened the horse with his observations, growing more solemnly positive as there was less in him to be positive about. So Passadumkeag did not look on the

map. At sundown, leaving the river-road awhile for shortness, we went by way of Enfield, where we stopped for the night. This, like most of the localities bearing names on this road, was a place to name, which, in the midst of the unnamed and unincorporated wilderness, was to make a distinction without a difference, it seemed to me. Here, however, I noticed quite an orchard of healthy and well-grown apple trees, in a bearing state, it being the oldest settler's house in this region, but all natural fruit, and comparatively worthless for want of a grafter. And so it is generally lower down the river. It would be a good speculation, as well as a favor conferred on the settlers, for a Massachusetts boy to go down there with a trunk full of choice scions, and his grafting apparatus, in the Spring.

The next morning we drove along through a high and hilly country, in view of Cold-Stream Pond, a very beautiful lake, four or five miles long, and came into the Houlton road again, at Lincoln, forty-five miles from Bangor, where there is quite a village, for this country—the principal one above Oldtown. Learning that there were several wigwams here, on one of the Indian islands, we left our horse and wagon, and walked through the forest half a mile, to the river, to procure a guide to the mountain. It was not till after considerable search that we discovered their habitations—regular shanties, in a retired place, where the scenery was unusually soft and beautiful, and the shore skirted with pleasant meadows and graceful elms. We paddled ourselves across to the island-side in a canoe, which we found on the shore. Near where we landed, sat an Indian girl, ten or twelve years old, on a rock in the water, in the sun, washing, and humming or moaning a song meanwhile. It was an aboriginal strain. A salmon-spear, made wholly of wood, lay on the shore, such as they might have used before white men came. It had an elastic piece of wood fastened to one side of its point, which slipped over and closed upon the fish, somewhat like the contrivance for holding a bucket at the end of a well-pole. As we walked up to the nearest house, we were met by a sally of a dozen wolfish-looking dogs, which may have been lineal descendants from the ancient Indian dogs, which the first voyageurs describe as "their wolves." I suppose they were. The occupant soon appeared, with a long pole in his hand, with which he beat off the dogs, while he parleyed with us. A stalwart, but dull and greasy-looking fellow, who told us, in his sluggish way, in answer to our questions, as if it were the first serious business he had to do that day, that there *were* Indians going "up river,"—he and one other—to-day, before noon. And who was the other? Louis Neptune, who lives in the next house. Well, let us go over and see Louis to-

gether. The same doggish reception, and Louis Neptune makes his appearance—a small, wiry man, with puckered and wrinkled face, yet he seemed the chieftain of the two; the same, as I remembered, who had accompanied Jackson to the mountain in '37. The same questions were put to Louis, and the same information obtained, while the other Indian stood by. It appeared, that they were going to start by noon, with two canoes, to go up to Chesuncook, to hunt moose—to be gone a month. "Well, Louis, suppose you get to the Point, (to the Five Islands, just below Mattawamkeag,) to camp, we walk on up the west branch to-morrow—four of us—and wait for you at the dam, on this side. You overtake us to-morrow or next day, and take us into your canoes. We stop for you, you stop for us. We pay you for your trouble." "Ye!" replied Louis, "may be you carry some provision for all—some pork—some bread—and no pay." He said, "Me sure get some moose;" and when I asked, if he thought Pomola would let us go up, he answered that we must plant one bottle of rum on the top, he had planted good many; and when he looked again, the rum was all gone. He had been up two or three times: he had planted letter—English, German, French, &c. These men were slightly clad in shirt and pantaloons, like laborers with us in warm weather. They did not invite us into their houses, but met us outside. So we left the Indians, thinking ourselves lucky to have secured such guides and companions.

There were very few houses along the road, yet they did not altogether fail, as if the law by which men are dispersed over the globe were a very stringent one, and not to be resisted with impunity or for slight reasons. There were even the germs of one or two villages just beginning to expand. The beauty of the road itself was remarkable. The various evergreens, many of which are rare with us—delicate and beautiful specimens of the larch, cedar, arbor-vitæ, ball spruce, and fir-balsam, from a few inches to many feet in height, lined its sides, in some places like a long front yard, springing up from the smooth grass-plots which uninterruptedly border it, and are made fertile by its wash; while it was but a step on either hand to the grim untrodden wilderness, whose tangled labyrinth of living, fallen, and decaying trees,—only the deer and moose, the bear and wolf, can penetrate. More perfect specimens than any front yard plot can show, grew there to grace the passage of the Houlton teams.

About noon we reached the Mattawamkeag, fifty-six miles from Bangor by the way we had come, and put up at a frequented house, still on the Houlton road, where the Houlton stage stops. Here was a substantial covered bridge over the Mattawamkeag, built, I think they said, some



seventeen years before. After dinner—where, by the way, and even at breakfast, as well as supper—at the public-houses on this road, the front rank is composed of various kinds of “sweet cakes,” in a continuous line from one end of the table to the other. I think I may safely say that there was a row of ten or a dozen plates of this kind set before us two here. To account for which, they say, that when the lumberers come out of the woods, they have a craving for cakes and pies, and such sweet things, which there are almost unknown, and this is the *supply* to satisfy that *demand*. The supply is always equal to the demand, and these hungry men think a good deal of getting their money’s worth. No doubt, the balance of victuals is restored by the time they reach Bangor: Mattawamkeag takes off the raw edge. Well, over this front rank, I say, you coming from the “sweet cake” side, with a cheap philosophic indifference though it may be, have to assault what there is behind, which I do not by any means mean to insinuate is insufficient in quantity or quality to supply that other demand of men not from the woods, but from the towns, for venison and strong country fare. After dinner, we strolled down to the “Point,” formed by the junction of the two rivers, which is said to be the scene of an ancient battle between the Eastern Indians and the Mohawks, and searched there carefully for relics, though the men at the bar-room had never heard of such things; but we found only some flakes of arrow-head stone, some points of arrow-heads, one small leaden-bullet, and some colored beads, the last to be referred, perhaps, to early fur-trader days. The Mattawamkeag, though wide, was a mere river’s bed, full of rocks and swallows at this time, so that you could cross it almost dry-shod in boots; and I could hardly believe my companion, when he told me that he had been fifty or sixty miles up it in a batteau, through distant and still uncut forests. A batteau could hardly find a harbor now at its mouth. Deer, and caribou, or reindeer, are taken here in the winter, in sight of the house.

Before our companions arrived, we rode on up the Houlton road seven miles, to Molunkus, where the Aroostook road comes into it, and where there is a spacious public house in the woods, called the “Molunkus House,” kept by one Libbey, which looked as if it had its hall for dancing and for military drills. There was no other evidence of war but this huge shingle palace in this part of the world; but sometimes even this is filled with travellers. I looked off the piazza round the corner of the house up the Aroostook road, on which there was no clearing in sight; and there was a man just adventuring upon it this evening, in a rude, original, what you may call Aroostook, wagon—a mere geat, with a wagon swung under

it, a few boys on it, and a dog asleep to watch them. He offered to carry a message for us to anybody in that country, cheerfully. I suspect, that if you should go to the end of the world, you would find somebody there going further, as if just starting for home at sundown, and having a last word before he drove off. Here, too, *was* a small trader, whom I did not see at first, who kept a store—but no great store, certainly—in a small box over the way, behind the Molunkus sign-post. It looked like the balance-box of a patent hay-scales. As for his house, we could only conjecture where that was; he may have been a boarder in the Molunkus House. I saw him standing in his shop-door—his shop so small, that, if a traveller should make demonstrations of entering in, *he* would have to go out by the back way, and confer with him through a window, about his goods in the cellar, or, more probably, bespoken, and yet on the way. I should have gone in, for I felt a real impulse to trade, if I had not stopped to consider what would become of him. The day before, we had walked into a shop, over against an inn where we stopped, the puny beginning of trade, which would grow at last into a firm copartnership, in the future town or city—indeed, it was already “Somebody & Co.,” I forget who. The woman came forward from the penetralia of the attached house, for “Somebody & Co.” was in the burning, and she sold us percussion-caps, canals and smooth; and knew their prices and qualities, and which the hunters preferred. Here was a little of everything in a small compass to satisfy the wants and the ambition of the woods, a stock selected with what pains and care, and brought home in the wagon box, or a corner of the Houlton team; but there seemed to me, as usual, a preponderance of children’s toys, dogs to bark, and cats to mew, and trumpets to blow, where natives there hardly are yet. As if a child, born into the Maine woods, among the pine canes and cedar berries, could not do without such a sugar-man, or skipping-jack, as the young Rothschild has.

I think that there was not more than one house on the road to Molunkus, or for seven miles. At that place we got over the fence into a new field, planted with potatoes, where the logs were still burning between the hills; and, pulling up the vines, found good-sized potatoes, nearly ripe, growing like weeds, and turnips mixed with them. The mode of clearing and planting, is, to fell the trees, and burn once what will burn, then cut them up into suitable lengths, roll into heaps, and burn again; then, with a hoe, plant potatoes where you can come at the ground between the stumps and charred logs, for a first crop, the ashes sufficing for manure, and no hoeing being necessary the first year. In the fall, cut, roll, and burn again, and so on, till the land is cleared;



and soon it is ready for grain, and to be laid down. Let those talk of poverty and hard times who will, in the towns and cities; cannot the immigrant, who can pay his fare to New-York or Boston, pay five dollars more to get here,—I paid three, all told, for my passage from Boston to Bangor, 250 miles,—and be as rich as he pleases, where land virtual-

ly costs nothing, and houses only the labor of building, and he may begin life as Adam did? If he will still remember the distinction of poor, and rich, let him bespeak him a narrower house forthwith.

[END OF PART I.]

MORNING SONG OF FLOWERS.

BY ANNA MARY FREEMAN.



As angel came last night, and bent  
O'er us, and wept,  
Because no prayer to Heaven was sent,  
Before you slept.

See! on the lily's leaf there lies  
A drop, like dew,—  
It is a tear those angel-eyes  
Let fall, for you!

Oh, let us on our sweet breath bear,  
Beyond the sky,  
From thy full heart, a grateful prayer,  
A heavenward sigh;

So shall that loving angel weep  
For joy to-night,  
And watch thee in thy peaceful sleep  
Till morning-light.

LINES TO ONE UNKNOWN.

(WRITTEN IN SOLITUDE.)

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

ALONE once more!  
Alone with thee! best loved, though all unknown,  
I never listened to thy voice's tone;  
I cannot soar  
To the celestial region, where thou art,  
Although I hold thee near my inmost heart.

Thou seem'st to me  
As beautiful as morning, when the gray  
And gradual twilight softly melts away;  
In flower and tree,  
And every graceful thing of earth and air,  
I trace some likeness of thy form most fair!

I cannot say,  
With what a saintly and majestic mien  
Thy angel image glideth in between

Me and the day;  
Or how at night thy tender aspect beams,  
And lights the landscape of my world of dreams.

Were mine the lyre,  
From which of old the sacred minstrels drew  
The sweetest notes that art or nature knew,  
I might aspire  
To hymn thy beauty, wondrous and divine  
As heavenly radiance on an earthly shrine.

It is thy soul,  
Only thy soul, thus gloriously revealed;  
From other sight my vision thou hast sealed—  
Thy mild control  
Subdues my hopes and teaches patient love,  
Till I grow meek and gentle as the dove!



## THE LAMENT OF THE WEARY ONE.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH

EREWILE, a maiden young and fair I knew,  
 Upon whose heart the winds so fiercely blew,  
 Its cherish'd plant was broken by the blast—  
 'T was sad to see her, when the storm was past.—  
 And yet she strove to raise her drooping head,  
 Though all her fairest flowers were crush'd and dead.  
 She rose—but soon I saw her droop again—  
 Anon I stood beside her couch of pain:  
 Stern Death his signet on her brow had press'd,  
 And the life-clock beat wildly in her breast;  
 But calmer grew her soul while lingering there,  
 And thus, in accents soft, she breathed her prayer:—

I.

"I am weary—let me sleep!  
 While I linger here, I weep—  
 Here I am a child of pain,  
 And my tears must flow like rain.

II.

On Life's bleak and barren hill,  
 Sadly must I wander still!  
 'T is a rugged way, and steep—  
 I am weary—let me sleep!

III.

Father, hear thy humble child!  
 Storms of anguish, rude and wild,  
 Wintry storms around me sweep—  
 I am weary—let me sleep!"

In fainter echoes fell those tones again,  
 As melts the music of th' Æolian strain,  
 Or dies away the warbling of a rill:—  
 "Sleep—welcome sleep"—and then her heart was still.  
 Kind heaven had heard that weary maiden's prayer,  
 And angels hover'd o'er the sleeper there.







Designed by TH Matheson.

Engraved by T Donoy.

*Triumph of Innocence*

Printed by Powell & Co.

## THE TRIUMPH OF INNOCENCE.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

(See the Engraving.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the stern, savage traits, which make up almost wholly the composition of the Indian, where his habits have not been modified by civilization—even his virtues being of rigid and Spartan character—there was a marked difference in this respect between the various tribes who, more than a century ago, held possession of the inland forests of New-York and Pennsylvania. Those races who dwelt along the shores of Lake Ontario and beside the Northern rivers, were fierce, brave, and implacable in their hostility; while those to whom belonged the richer and warmer vales of the Delaware, were peaceful, kind, and marked, in some degree, by a natural refinement of sentiment, if the absence of rude and savage qualities of heart may be so termed.

The difference in the character of their intercourse with the white settlers was equally marked: for, though when either tribe had dug up the hatchet of war, it was used with almost unsparing enmity, till the termination of the quarrel, the latter tribe exercised less barbarity towards their prisoners, and possessed less stoical endurance of suffering when themselves captured. They never, as an entire race, waged war against the settlers, but small parties of warriors, on the northern borders of their domain, frequently made inroads on the nearest settlements during the troubled times of the old French War.

It was, during one of these marauding excursions that the event occurred, which is so well depicted in the engraving—an event which will illustrate the softer qualities of the warriors of this tribe. A war-party of braves had been for some time harassing the few settlers who dwelt around the head waters of the Delaware; and their attacks finally became so frequent and dangerous, that all the men of the little colony joined together to drive this hostile band back into their own hunting-grounds. A large district of forest and mountain separated them from the more savage races of the Iroquois and Mohawks, who were then engaged in other quarters, and from whom, therefore, nothing was to be feared.

Nearly two days had elapsed since the men had been absent on the trail of their foes, when the remaining inhabitants of the settlement were

startled by the sudden appearance of another party of braves of the same tribe. There was no time to make any preparations for defence. The women fled with their children into the woods; many, however, who were not warned in time, fell victims to the relentless tomahawk. Among the dwellings, was one standing at some distance from the main colony, the inmates of which were first roused by the step of a savage on the threshold. The husband, James Caldwell, had been chosen leader of the band of defence, and his wife, left so completely unprotected, sprang from her seat at hearing the sound of a footstep, which might have been his, only to sink lifeless on the floor, under the fatal stroke of the first Indian who entered.

In one corner of the room stood a cradle, in which lay Caldwell's only child—an infant of about a year old. The eager eye of the brave soon detected this, and, springing toward it, to complete the work of extermination, he sank on one knee to make the blow surer. But the child, pleased with the bright feathers and rattling ornaments of the Indian, stretched forth his little hand and smiled. His soft fingers closed around the hand extended to drag him forth, and a spirit in their touch spoke direct to the Indian's heart. In his bark-lodge, away in the camp of his tribe, there was a little tawny hand, which would clasp his own with the same soft touch, when he came home weary from the chase. He loved that child, for he hoped one day to see him a strong hunter, whose fame among the braves should be equal to his own. Should he kill the child before him, might not the Great Spirit take away his own boy? Innocence triumphed over the brutality of savage nature, and he held back a second tomahawk, which was raised to strike the smiling cherub. Taking it in his arms, he joined the band, who were soon lost to sight in the forest.

Two or three years afterwards, James Caldwell regained his child, who was given up to him in a gay costume of wampum and feathers, with war-paint on his little brow, and who wept long and bitterly at parting with his red-skinned playmate, of the Delaware's lodge.



## A DREAM OF THE COVENANTERS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

The simmer's eve was glimmerin'  
Upon the fading day;  
I sat the lanely kirk wi'in,  
The cauld win' thirled wi' noisy din,  
An' creepin' shadows lang, and thin,  
Stole o'er the churchyard gray.

I sat from ilka ane apart;  
'T was silent, drear, and dim;  
I ken'd the last lythe form depart,  
Then thought went in upon my heart,  
Auld memories thronged its crowded mart,  
And filled it to the brim.

I gazed upon the braw kirk chair,  
I looked for lip and brow;  
Of an' auld mon wi' siller hair,  
Of an' auld mon wi' temples bare,  
That gude auld mon he is na' there,  
But cauld, an' lifeless now.

I listened, an' a harmony  
Was in the voiceless air;  
A warbling, as of wild bird's gush,  
Seemed dying in the zephyr's hush,  
It came, and quivered there.

Ay! up ilk dim and shadowy ailes,  
An' up the lint white wall,

Came that low cadence—wild as grief,  
Yet, gentle as a floating leaf,  
An' mournfu' as its fall.

I saw na mair the auld gray kirk,  
But ane anent the loch,  
With chasms black, an' leaping streams,  
Where sunlight never blinks nor gleams,  
With God's own pillars, God's own beams,  
Hewn frae the solid rock.

An eddying river sped along,  
Beneath the altar-stone;  
The waters there were black an' strong,  
They leapt wi' a gurgling song,  
Wi' dashin' murmurs deep an' long,  
A wild, yet canny strain.

And true, braw hearts had gathered there,  
A leal and gentle band,  
To worship as they trowed it right,  
In simple power, wi' holy might,  
An' childlike, hand in hand.

The chorus o' the martyr's hymn,  
Rang out o'er brake an' fen,  
When came a rushin' moanin' wind,  
All down the steep, wet stanes that lined  
The mountains o' the glen.



An' harsher sounds came frae afar,  
 An' mingled wi' the shout, "awa!"  
 "The tyrants loup upon us; fly!  
 Hide in the chasms; hide or die;  
 Ye ken their swords are flashing high,  
 And dark brows glim the low'ring sky,  
 They'll soon be on us; tak' yer' plaid,  
 And fauld wi'in the bonny child;  
 Climb quick, for ilka glittering blade  
 Is clashing music, harsh an' wild;  
 Awa'! they come, o'er turf and sod;  
 Thank God! the storm is here, thank God!"

Wi' coats o' bluidy red, the foe  
 Come swiftly pouring in;  
 Crash breaks the thunder's roll; and lo!  
 The blue fire lightnings fiercer grow;  
 No song, no prayer is heard below,  
 They quake wi' fear, yet onward go;  
 All hushed, and awed, those men of sin,  
 Fly frae the tempest's awful din;  
 While waters rushing frae the linn,  
 Roll o'er the rough rocks; then they ken,

And glimmer roun' for some black den,  
 To hide them frae the boiling pools,  
 That deep, and deeper grow; their feet  
 Search for a resting-place. Poor fools!  
 What withering curses they repeat!"

Now sink they to their watery graves—  
 Each gurgling voice grows fainter; till at last,  
 All, all, are gone.  
 No more the tempest raves;  
 Ambitious hopes, mad winds, and dying throes, are past.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 A wild scream rent my throbbing breast;  
 I sprang upon my feet;  
 The death-scene lurked wi'in my brain,  
 And pressed my brow wi' tired pain;  
 I gazed around me, and again  
 I saw the auld kirk, dark an' lane;  
 And then I kenned my heart had been  
 In buried tracts of auldien years;  
 Had converse held wi' martyred men,  
 Who sowed with smiles their path of tears.

## A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

BY MRS. SARAH H. WHITMAN.

Now, while departing Summer fondly lingers,  
 Serenely smiling through the golden mist,  
 Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,  
 Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst,—  
 Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining  
 To light the gloom of autumn's mouldering halls,  
 With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,  
 Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls,—  
 Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning  
 Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,  
 Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining,  
 Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.  
 The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and flowers,  
 In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,  
 Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers  
 With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.  
 Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,  
 Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,

With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,  
 The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.  
 Upon those soft, fring'd lids the bee sits brooding  
 Like a fond lover loth to say farewell,  
 Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,  
 Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.  
 The little birds upon the hill-side lonely,  
 Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,  
 Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only  
 Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.  
 The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight dreaming,  
 Forget to breathe their fulness of delight,—  
 And through the tranced woods soft airs are streaming,  
 Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.  
 So, in my heart a sweet unwonted feeling  
 Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,  
 Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,  
 Yet finds no word its mystic charm to tell.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A Stray Leaf from the History of a Life.

BY HERMANN S. SARONI.

If you compare the Spring season of different countries, that of the northern part of Germany will be found to possess more beauties than any other. While Spain and Italy have neither Spring nor Fall, France has only a few weeks, which really deserve the name of Spring. Russia has never had any pretensions to this most delightful of all seasons; and if Norway or Sweden could lay claim to Spring, they would have to give up their Summer altogether. But the charm of a season lies not alone in the peculiarity of the climate—that charm depends most on the character and pursuits of different nations. Whilst I can well imagine “la belle France” in the Fall of the year, with its numerous vineyards and lively peasants, I can never think of sunny Spain, or Italy’s blue sky, without wondering how people never get tired of this everlasting sameness; and though a Russian snow-field certainly procures a great many enjoyments to those who are fond of excitement, these pleasures are rather a consequence of the very inclemency of the season, than an evidence of its beauty. Nothing has given me greater pleasure, than to watch the setting-in of the German Spring. Every inch of ground is, as I may say, rescued from grim Winter’s icy grasp, after hard fighting; and no wonder that the latter does not like to give up his dominion without a struggle. Nearly four months he has been the sole master of Germany, and now he has to abdicate for eight long months a throne, which none filled with a better grace than he. But let Spring once fairly assert her sway, and then see what a different aspect the whole picture has. Watch the forest, how its magic shades are increased from day to day by the fresh foliage which starts to life. Imagine dawn’s first struggles with gloomy night: the broad landscape is enlivened by herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with cunning dogs and watchful shepherds. The sound of the melodious tinkling bells, depending from the necks of the cows, is carried along on the wings of the bracing air, and is lost amid the thousand echoes of the neighboring hills. The golden rays of the rising sun tinge the tops of the surrounding mountains; and, as Nature gradually awakens from her solemn rest, one picture passes away but to make room for another

even more lovely. Imagine again the glorious sun-set, after a heavy thunder-shower: as if, victorious over the uproarious elements, the sun sinks, with redoubled brilliancy and majestic dignity, behind the vine-clad hills. See the peasant-girls and boys how, after a day of hard labor, they return with merry laugh and buoyant steps to their homes. The village bells send their ringing peals through the vale to call the pious to vespers; while thousands of the feathered denizens of the forest flap their wings, and, with right good will and tuneful throats, sound the praise of their Maker.

It was on just such an evening, that I sat at the open window of my room, in the village of *Nauendorf*, enjoying the rural beauties without, and congratulating myself upon the good luck with which I had just escaped a short but heavy shower of rain. I listened to the simple notes of the cuckoo, which sounded now from a leafy oak, anon from a flowery cluster; and, at the very moment that I thought him right under my window, his cry would be wafted to me on the fragrant breeze from quite an opposite direction. The cuckoo’s notes reminded me of the sports of former years, and with that reminiscence came a boyish curiosity, which, for the moment, I could not resist. I took courage, and, first looking round to ascertain whether I was observed by any one, I called out, though with somewhat wavering tones: “Cuckoo, how long shall I live?”—I counted scores and scores of years, and, at last, getting tired of the never-ceasing answer of the cuckoo, I reproached myself for having given way, even for a moment, to boyhood’s foolish superstitions, and prayed to God not to burden me with such a load of years.

Though the cuckoo is not the mocking-bird of America, he is certainly quite as provoking, and so the rest of the feathered tribe seemed to think; for, as if stimulated by one idea, they protested in a unanimous chorus against the authority of the cuckoo, who rent the air with his rather unmusical cries, and seemed to consider the lawn and forest as if belonging to himself alone. Either frightened by the powerful host of antagonists he had raised up, or convinced of his own wrong, the



cuckoo was silent for the rest of the evening; and thenceforth I heard nothing but the rippling of an adjacent brook, the delicious notes of the nightingale, the chirping of the goldfinch, and the brilliant tirades of the other feathered minstrels.

Involuntarily my hands glided over the keys of the pianoforte, which was almost my only companion during my sojourn in the country; and, after thus dreaming and playing for a few minutes, my attention was aroused by the fluttering of a bird's wings, either in my room or right before the window. I stopped playing, and my first look was at the cage suspended from the ceiling; but, alas! the cage was empty. A canary-bird, which for several years had been my favorite, and which, in my occasional paroxysms of melancholy, had never failed to cheer me with his lively trills and graceful cadenzas, had died but the day before. I had not had the time to procure another candidate for my affections, and it may be that my attachment to the lost one was so great, that the thought never entered my mind that another canary-bird could ever fill the vacuum produced by the decease of the former occupant of the cage. But enough—the bird was not there; and when again reminded of my loss by this glance at the empty prison, I grieved, as a mother might grieve at the loss of her favorite child. I was playing some passages on the piano to drive away these melancholy thoughts, which threatened to be but the forerunners of even more serious ones, when the fluttering again was heard. This time, I ran to the window, and reached it just in time to see a bird of a grayish color, that must have been perched on the rose-bush beneath my window, fly up and wend its way towards a grove at some distance from the house. I was in such a peculiar state of mind, that the least thing affected me to an uncommon degree. What wonder, then, that I took the unpretending bird to be the emblem of that peace which for years past I had sought in vain. With this idea came a feeling of resignation and inward satisfaction, to which, for a long time, I had been a stranger. I resolved to put myself in possession of the bird by means fair or foul; and, recollecting that the bird must have been attracted to my window by the chords I had struck on the instrument, I went at once and, without looking up, played a favorite air of mine several times over. I thought I heard the fluttering approach nearer and nearer, but I made not a motion. Soon it seemed to be directly above my head, and, bounding from the chair which I had occupied, I closed the window. The bird was mine! Not expecting such a treacherous movement on my part, it was taken altogether by surprise; and, after restlessly flying for some minutes from one corner of the room to the other, it dropped as if exhausted right on the empty cage.

To secure my prize, was now an easy task. On examination, I found it to be a nightingale; and, without remorse—nay, with the most cruel heartlessness—I thrust the ill-fated songster into the canary-bird's cage. Selfishness was for the time my ruling passion, and, strange to say, I felt as if the very goal of all my hopes and expectations had been reached by the capture of that innocent bird. I began at once to attempt to reconcile it to its new domicile, but with but indifferent success. In vain did I replenish the little water tank affixed to the cage; in vain did I refill the little coach which my canary-bird used to draw up with its bill; in vain did I catch flies and proffer them in the most careful manner to the little prisoner: she would recoil at my approach as if a serpent had infected the air with its breath. She hid her little head beneath her wing, and kept it so until I was out of sight. The opposite looking-glass, a glimpse of which was to be had through the door-way of an adjoining apartment, told me that the moment I was gone the nightingale looked up, as if to discover if there was the least possible chance of escape. I feared no such mischance, for, though the poor captive's prison-bars were slender indeed, they were too strong to be broken by her vain efforts to dash through them. Well nigh moved to pity by the sorry struggles of the nightingale, I was just meditating whether I should not give her her liberty, when I recollected that "music hath charms;" and, reproaching myself for not having sooner thought of it, I went to the piano and repeated the same air, which had already served me as the syren-music to entice my little Ulysses into my abode.—The spell worked well.—The first strain brought new life into the body of the exhausted creature, and with every succeeding note she seemed to recover additional strength. I saw her for the first time quench her thirst in the little water tank; and, as she looked imploringly towards the little coach, filled with bread-crumbs, I interrupted my playing for an instant and placed the food within her reach. At my approach, she recoiled again, but when I once more resumed the music, I saw her pick some few bread-crumbs and swallow them with evident satisfaction. The flies I had dropped into the cage were soon after perceived, and ingurgitated with even more delight.

Satisfied with my success thus far, I left the prisoner for the evening, and went into the garden to enjoy the delicious breeze for an hour or so; and, I am ashamed to say, contented with my day's work, I betook me to my bed, where the rising sun found me dreaming of birds and fairies, love and music. My first care after getting up, was to look after the wants of my little *protégé*, as I was pleased to style the kidnapped bird, perhaps in the hope of stifling the pangs of conscience. She was an



earlier riser than I, and when I entered the room, I found her casting anxious and sorrowful glances towards the verdant fields and leafy groves, as if she despaired of ever again skimming over those fields and resting in those perfumed bowers.

I was determined to make a thorough musician of the little prisoner; and as there was sufficient evidence of her capacity, in the very fact of her having been inveigled into thralldom by means of music, I procured a *flute à bec*,\* and commenced my instructions at once. Of all the pupils I have ever had, this one was certainly the most apt and talented. After I had played an air two or three times, the bird repeated it without a single mistake; and, in the course of time, she added variations of her own, which by their finish and brilliancy were enough to astonish any mortal. I do not despise the music of nature—the simple strains that are sung by the birds in the forest; on the contrary, I can listen with intense delight to the warbling notes of the birds' own melodies; but while the nightingale could continue any strain that I had begun to whistle, or to play on the flute à bec, I was not able to repeat a single one of all the ever-varied strains this talented minstrel sometimes actually showered upon me. Was it any wonder, if I tried to make her repertory as rich and varied as I possibly could? What the spider was to the prisoner of old, was this nightingale to me. Exiled by the injustice of a selfish world, I had selected this spot, to forget, if possible, my enemies and the injuries done to me. And really, as by degrees I got more and more interested in my little pupil, I could look back upon the times gone by, without having any feeling but that of regret for those who had persecuted me.

The nightingale seemed to feel the chains of captivity no longer. I watched her progress in music with the greatest anxiety; and as I provided for all her wants, I soon had the satisfaction to see her regain the life and activity which must have been hers when free. I ventured now to open the cage, nay, I even found her in the room when I once had left the window accidentally open. Getting bolder in my experiments, I one morning actually chased her out of my room, but at the first strain on the flute à bec, she returned to her cage, and joined me with her trills and cadences, to the end of my tune. The nightingale was indeed more to me than I had anticipated. She was not only the messenger of peace, but she soon supplied the place of a friend. She was my companion in my solitary walks, and like the former occupant of the cage, she never left me time to fall into those fits of despondency which used to be my constant assailants.

Meanwhile, the nightingale had made a rather

singular acquaintance. A mouse, that for a long time had been the determined enemy of all my eatables, books and MSS., must have been attracted by her delicious notes, and the slumbering talent of the former must have been aroused by the indefatigable exertions of the virtuoso. I noticed that whenever the bird sang, the mouse came from his hiding-place, and getting nearer and nearer to the cage, he would sit there for hours together, listening with intense admiration to the roulades of the never-failing artist. Indeed! who could have helped admiring that bird as she sat there in all her simplicity and innocence, singing away, as if life depended on her performances. It was true genius which always stimulated her to greater exertions; and dressed in her simple garb, unconscious of her own merit, and rejoicing in that of others, she could have served as a model for any human artist. In a very short time a friendship sprang up between the two kindred spirits, which was highly beneficial to both of them. The nightingale found a companion to share her hours of captivity, for such she occasionally had, whenever I was afraid of some stray cat's designs on the life of my little pupil. Then the mouse would creep between the wires of the cage, and, secure from the persecutions of the feline enemy, enjoy the benefit of the nightingale's instructions, which from his great thirst for knowledge must have been of infinite advantage to him. I often found them thus snugly quartered, trying duets and solos; and the combinations produced by these two apparently-heterogeneous creatures had a charm, which was the more enhanced by the constant willingness of both the virtuosos, to delight any one who chose to take a liking to their performance.

But alas! I was soon to experience another reverse of fortune. The nightingale must have swallowed amongst her food some substance injurious to her health, for certainly it could not have been the want of freedom which made her pine away from day to day. Oh no! it could not have been the want of freedom; if such had been the case, I should never have forgiven myself for having detained her a single moment. And could she not have returned to the scenes of her early delights, whenever she pleased? There was the window open, all the world was open to her; and had she not a trusty friend and companion in the mouse—had she not a kind master and guardian in myself? But after all, I am afraid it was this longing after liberty which made her sick. The chains of civilization weighed heavily upon her, and even if entirely free, she would never have felt as happy as she had been before the witchery of that strain of music made her my prisoner. 'T is true, she could have broken her *parole d'honneur*—she could have flown

\* An instrument by which birds are taught to sing.

away without listening to my anxious calls on the *flute à bec*—but her *parole d'honneur* was as sacred as that of any knight in Christendom. She had not even pronounced such a word, but she felt herself in honor bound to stay with me—with the one who had taken so much care to instruct her, though that instruction should cost her her life!

But remorse comes too late. She pined away; vain were all my efforts to save her; vain were the efforts of the mouse. One morning I was awakened by one of the most heart-rending strains I ever heard from any lip or throat. I jumped out of my bed and ran to the cage of the nightingale. When the poor bird perceived me, she rallied once more, varied her strain as she had been accustomed to do of old, and, with a cadenza of the most pathetic character, she breathed her last!

Alas! she was no more. Thou martyr of freedom, what would I not willingly give to buy thee a new life, if but to reward thee for the many dreary hours made cheerful by thy tuneful throat.

I felt as if I was as lonely as ever in the wide, wide world. The strains of the singing-mouse touched me not: the useless efforts of the poor creature to reconcile me to my loss only vexed me. I chased him away, and, brooding in silence, I sat for hours, I believe, without thinking of anything but the nightingale. The next day I buried her beneath the very rose-bush on whose branches she first had perched. The funeral was as solemn as might be expected; I was chief mourner, and the mouse followed his friend and instructor to her last resting-place. He sang one of the sweet melodies she had taught him, and I saw nothing more of him until about three weeks after, when I found him dead in the very cage where the nightingale had breathed her last and sweetest note.

Years and years have passed since this occurrence, and yet, whenever either nightingale or mouse is mentioned in my presence, I think of those two friends; and, I am not ashamed to own it, I shed a tear to their memories.

## ROME.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I.

I SAT in the Coliseum one day,  
And meditated of the ancient time,  
The glorious days when Rome was in her prime,  
The age of gold forever past away:  
And lo! the Past arose and peopled all  
The dusky gaping ruins as of old—  
The Present wore its mantle:—I beheld  
A thousand standards streaming on the wall,  
O'er consuls, senators and emperors, proud  
In regal purple, hosts of Roman dames—  
And multitudes below, the common crowd,  
And gladiators at their ancient games,  
Dying, and in the arena martyrs gray,  
Trampled and torn by beasts to make a holiday.

II.

And looking out the rents of ruin, lo!  
I saw a multitude with hurrying feet,  
A throng in every dim and dusky street,  
Pressing to see a grand triumphal show:  
Heroes returning from victorious wars  
Headed the long procession and array,  
And kingly captives spared to grace the day,

Followed in sadness fettered to their cars—  
And legions of their conquering troops behind  
With flying banners,—lictors bearing rods,  
Virgins and priests with statues of the gods,  
And swinging censers shaking to the wind  
Volumes of incense wreathing to the skies,  
Leading with garlands decked young steers to sacrifice.

III.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,"—  
The gorgeous pageant melted in the air  
Like exhalations in the morning beam,  
Leaving the seeming-lovely, wild and bare.  
The vision faded, and I saw a waste,  
A wilderness of ruin—gaping walls,  
Fallen triumphal arches,—ruined halls,  
Pillars and statues broken and defaced,  
Covered with bearded moss and ivy green,  
And crumbling beneath the touch of Time;—  
And lo! enthroned upon the wreck sublime,  
The Spirit of old Rome, a fallen queen,  
Crownless and sceptreless, but stern and bold,  
Demanding homage, awe, for what she was of old.



## THE DEATH OF THE YOUNGEST.

BY LOUISE OLIVIA HUNTER.

"And from that step forevermore,  
The sunlight of that child has faded!"

Sorrow hath cast its shadow o'er our hearth,  
Where nought but love and peace was wont to dwell;  
Hushed are the tones of joyousness and mirth—  
Alas! that we a tale of grief must tell!  
Yet one hath fled—the youngest of our band—  
To the far regions of the Spirit-Land!

Within yon chamber deep is her repose,  
While o'er her couch we've strewn bright summer flowers,  
Though nevermore will those dear eyes unclosed,  
To welcome them as in the by-gone hours!  
Her tiny hands are folded on her breast—  
Oh, deep and calm—yet fearful is her rest!

Her gentle sisters wait in vain to greet  
That tripping footstep in the hour of play,  
Ah! they no more her sunny glance may meet,  
For she hath flown from their warm love away!  
They weep when told that angel-playmates now  
Press pure soft kisses on her radiant brow!

They bend and touch her wan and faded cheek,  
And clasp her hand and wonder why 't is chill—  
They call her name and softly bid her speak,  
And tell them why she lies so cold and still:

And then they steal away with noiseless tread,  
As though a heavy step could wake—the dead!

They enter oft that dim and shadowy room,  
And stand beside the bier with wondering gaze,  
Their fair young faces now with deepening gloom  
O'erclouded—now uplifted in amaze—  
That she, their idol, rests so calmly there,  
Nor strives to quell their bursts of wild despair!

And we—her parents—miss we not the sound  
Of that sweet voice, so full of music's grace?  
Ah! miss we not her frolic footstep's bound,  
And more than all, her twining arms' embrace?  
We feel indeed what bitter anguish lies  
Within the deep heart when a loved one dies.

Father in Heaven! look down upon our grief,  
And send us strength our aching spirits crave,  
Strength to rejoice that *her* earth-life was brief,  
And that she dwelleth now beyond the grave;  
Oh give us grace, Thou Great and Glorious One,  
In this sad hour to say—"Thy will be done!"



## W O M A N .

### Her Education and Influence.

BY MRS. REID.

THE world hears so much in these days of woman's rights and influence—the phrase has become so hackneyed, while so little has been done, that one almost fears to open a book bearing the title of the one before me.

But the author of this little work has ably redeemed the character of her sex; she strives to speak openly and fearlessly, and calls to her aid not mere words of indignant feeling, to be replied to by sarcasm, but calm reasoning, that can only be answered by arguments as conclusive. She appeals to common sense, and common justice, and asks why one half of the human race should be considered as irresponsible beings, required to give up their rights and interests into the hands of the other half. She claims for woman an equal share in civil rights, and an education that will enable her to receive these rights as she ought.

She claims for the creature to whom God has given a soul and a conscience, freedom to live according to their dictates, and to judge of her own well being.

Ablly does she advocate her cause: hopefully does she look forward to the future, believing that the time must come when those rights will be acknowledged, and freedom be given to the enslaved.

To those women whose minds have been awakened upon this subject, who are anxiously looking for that good time, her words come to give courage to the drooping heart, and bid it hope still. But to a more numerous class, it is to be feared she speaks in vain—to those who have sunk to the lowest degradations of slavery, who no longer feel their claim, who are content to be mere pleasure-loving creatures, leaving all that is worth living for to others.

The unimpassioned arguments of reason cannot reach them; an appeal to their feelings is required to rouse them from their stupor. To every woman who truly feels upon this subject, it becomes an imperative duty to add her smile in the good cause.

Rouse yourselves, oh, my country-women, to a knowledge of your true condition! Know that, born in a country which claims to be the freest in the world, one half of its *citizens* have no participation in the privileges of its freedom.

There are no laws which protect either your persons or property against the arbitrary will of man. The mother has not even a right to the guardianship and care of her children; they can be torn from her at any moment, at the command of a tyrannical or wicked father.

Let not the happy and the fortunate turn away. These things are, although they may not suffer from them. Within the last year, has the moans of a bereaved mother come to us from a foreign land. Beautiful Italy could not console her for the children of her love. O! let us not be deaf to her call, for with woman does her own redemption rest, she holds her destiny in her own hands. If woman would be but faithful to her trust, if she would make not only heart and soul but her mind what it should be, if she would cultivate the intellect God has given her, another generation would see her chains broken.

Think you that the son could endure to see the mother he reveres and respects, not alone for the love and tenderness that have watched over his childhood, but for the intellect that has fostered his maturing mind, subjected to the thralldom befitting only an irrational creature.

If every woman would be true to herself, public opinion would be soon changed, and in this case public opinion is all. Within the last twenty years some progress has been made: women have at least proved, in deeds of benevolence, where perseverance, fortitude, and moral courage are required, that they are the equals of man. The country that has given birth to Miss Dix, must acknowledge this; she has unshrinkingly passed through scenes that might make the heart of the strongest man quail.

With woman, then, her own destiny rests. In the hands of each mother and sister are placed the welfare of her sex. If faithful to their trust, we may confidently hope that the time of perfect freedom will come—perfect freedom to man as well as woman, for their interests are identical:—“Can man be free while woman is a slave?” Then, and not till then, may the human race approach that perfection to which we are commanded to attain.

# WAKE, POLAND, AWAKE!

Words and Music by Miss Augusta Browne.

**Spiritoso.**

The first system of musical notation for the piano accompaniment. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is marked 'Spiritoso.' and begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand.

The second system of musical notation for the piano accompaniment. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system.

Wake, Poland, awake! the day is bright beaming, That calls thee to glory, a-rise! and be free, Burst

The third system of musical notation for the piano accompaniment. It continues the melody and bass line. The music is marked with a piano (p) dynamic.

The fourth system of musical notation for the piano accompaniment. It continues the melody and bass line.

forth from thy chains, and thy birthright redeeming, Raise thy war-cry of old, Death or blest Liberty!

The fifth system of musical notation for the piano accompaniment. It continues the melody and bass line. The music is marked with a forte (f) dynamic.

# WAKE, POLAND, AWAKE!

45

Raise thy war-cry of old, Death or blest Li-ber-ty!

*ff* *mp*

The musical score is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a melody starting on a half note G4. The piano accompaniment features a dense, rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *mp* (mezzo-piano). The score ends with a double bar line.

II.

No longer shall tyrants and despots reign o'er thee,  
No! land of the noble, the brave and the fair;  
Arise, phoenix-like! drive the foeman before thee,  
Where the cause is so righteous, oh! never despair.

III.

Then awake! land of song, and shake off the dark slumber,  
The Upas of tyranny shed o'er thy soul;  
Attune thy proud harp, in a soul-stirring number,  
To the God of the patriot, the trust of the Pole.



## EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

**SALUTATORY.**—Dear, charming readers! It is a pleasant, social custom, to congratulate one's friends on the return of the anniversary of their advent into this troubled existence, and to desire for them many happy returns of the same. The custom seems to be reversed in magazine and newspaper life—perhaps from the pecuniary impossibility of exchanging compliments by mail and telegraph, with some forty or fifty thousand friends—and the editor, conscious of a warm magnetic response from the hearts of all his unknown sympathizers, makes his greeting in advance of theirs. In thus exchanging good-will, and pledging mutual good faith, on our first birth-day anniversary, we are conscious how much we owe to you all, for the success of the past year. The surf and breakers of the shore which we might have feared on setting our trim bark afloat, have been passed without a shock or jar, and we are now crowding all sail on the open sea. The rough gales, in which so many literary craft have been swamped at the outset of their voyages, failed to disturb our progress, and we can therefore safely promise that the flag of American periodical literature shall never be found “union down.”

And now, looking forward to bright skies and pleasant prospects, may we not bespeak the same cordial sympathy with our labors, the same generous appreciation of our intentions, which have cheered and encouraged us during the past year? We ask the question with a hopeful confidence that it will be responded to by a spontaneous affirmative. Without presuming too much on our own virtues, or yours, unknown and widely-scattered friends! we know that this intercourse—almost as complete and intimate as though we spoke *voice to voice*, instead of by type and paper—has been happy and gratifying to us, and, we trust, not without its pleasures to you. The past naturally suggests the future; and we promise ourselves much joy of a similar spiritual *réunion*, a year hence. And as all the world is growing republican, we wish you till then, the spirit of the new French motto: “*Salut et fraternité!*”

**SUMMER TRAVEL.**—The horizon, which bounds the summer wanderings of the fashionables, during their two months' release from the close air and dust and din of cities, has been greatly widened within a year or two. The old watering places, outside of which all journeying was formerly unfashionable, still retain their prerogative of name, but share the preference of the flitting community with newer and more remote points of attraction. The fresh and ex-

citing resources of travel are only beginning to be developed in our country. Much of our finest mountain and lake scenery is still almost entirely unknown, and that which lay but yesterday far beyond the borders of civilization, is now reachable by steamboat and locomotive. The magnificent mountain scenery of the Adirondac region, about which little was known, until Hoffman told its glories in his “Wild Scenes,” and sang them in his “Vigil of Faith,” is within a day's travel of Saratoga, and the ascent of Tahawus is still sufficiently rare to be tempting to young adventurers. The Alpine district of Maine, equal in startling grandeur, and unpruned, primitive beauties, to the famed Norwegian mountains, rarely sees other visitors than the Penobscot lumber-men. An account of this sublime wilderness is in our possession, the commencement of which will be found in this number of the Magazine.

Even without waiting for the construction of Whitney's rail-road, the Rocky Mountains will be another summer resort, ten years hence. A month's residence in the “South Park,” with an ascent of Long's Peak, will then be a complete substitute for Mont Blanc and the Vale of Chamouni, and thus draw poets and tourists over the ocean of the prairies, instead of the Atlantic. Even this summer, a company of our friends, ladies and gentlemen, intend crossing the wilds of Wisconsin, from Lake Superior to the Falls of St. Anthony. Away then to the far north, and north-east, and north-west, ye languid citizens! There is nothing like the breeze of the wilderness for pale cheeks and feeble limbs.

**ART EXHIBITIONS.**—Goupil, Vibert & Co., of Paris, have established a branch of their house in this city, and the exhibition of paintings by modern French artists, which they have lately opened, is the wonder and delight of connoisseurs. With a good deal of affectation, and love of theatrical effect, the French school has, nevertheless, produced the finest living painters; and such names as Vernet, Delaroche, Scheffer and Ingres, will not soon be forgotten. Ary Scheffer's “Dead Christ,” in this collection, is one of the most touching pictures ever brought to this country.

The Art Union has again opened its rooms with a choice collection for the coming winter. Cole's celebrated pictures of the “Voyage of Life,” have been purchased at a great expense, and will be distributed as one lot—being the highest prize ever offered by the association.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

**CHRISTIAN SONGS.** By the Rev. James Gilborne Lyons, LL. D. Third edition. *Philadelphia*: G. S. Appleton.

It is a pleasant sign of the times when a volume of poems, which have neither extravagant measure nor exaggerated sentiment to recommend them, passes to a third edition in a year after its publication. The purity of thought in these "Christian Songs," is merit enough to justify their wide popularity; and the crystal smoothness of their iambic rhythm falls gratefully on the ear, which has been strained to a painful tension by the elaborate lines of many modern bards. There is a great deal of poetic beauty in this little volume, in proof whereof we need only mention "The Heroine Martyr of Monterey," and the "Mountain Wind."

**THE FALCON FAMILY; OR YOUNG IRELAND.** By the author of the "Bachelor of the Albany."

We have received from Burgess & Stringer this most amusing work, which in quaint humor and graphic character-sketching, fully sustains the reputation won by the "Bachelor of the Albany." It is the very book to quicken the languid blood on a warm summer afternoon, or brighten the flagging spirits on a dismal rainy day.

**THE ODD FELLOW'S AMULET.** By D. W. Bristol. *Auburn*: Derby, Miller & Co.

This is a very neatly-printed volume, devoted to the exposition of the principles of the Order of Odd Fellows. As far as we can judge from a cursory examination, the object is well attained; and as the Order is very flourishing, the book is certain of an extensive circulation.

**HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS.** By Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. III. *New York*: Harper & Brothers.

The concluding volume of this admirable work has at last appeared, and will be read with a still deeper interest, since its author has been so suddenly made the hero of a grander revolution than he has here described. This volume exceeds the first and second in strong personal interest and dramatic effect. The history of Charlotte Corday, and the death of the Girondists, have, perhaps, never been excelled in vivid and life-like power of description. The warm and brilliant imagination of Lamartine gives its coloring to every work he undertakes, and not the least charm of this history is its splendid diction. His pictures do not present such glaring contrast of light and shade as those of Carlyle, but their impression is far more distinct and lasting.

The third volume, which no one, of course, will neglect reading, contains portraits of Robespierre and Charlotte Corday, and is made still more valuable by an excellent biography of Lamartine. No brain is complete without an impression of its contents.

**THE CZAR, HIS COURT AND PEOPLE.** By J. S. Maxwell. *New York*: Baker & Scribner.

A fresh and delightful book of travel. Mr. Maxwell goes over ground comparatively untrodden, and knows so well how to interest the reader in his journeyings, that the only fault we have to find is, that there are not more of them. The chapters relating to Sweden and Norway are, from the nature of the subject, much more to our liking than the remainder of the book; but we have found sufficient instruction and entertainment in all of it, to finish the greater portion at one sitting. After such an evidence of its merits, it is unnecessary to say more in the way of criticism. We hope other tourists will take the "Northern route," about which there is really much to be learned, and suffer over-run and written-out Italy to rest awhile.

**THE LIFE OF CROMWELL.** By J. T. Headley. *New York*: Baker & Scribner.

We have received this work at too late a date to notice it fully this month. We therefore simply announce it, and shall do critical justice to it in the August number.

**THE LIFE OF CHRIST.** Translated from the German of Neander. *New York*: Harper & Brothers.

A few years since, the Rationalist, Strauss, produced great sensation in the theological world, by the publication of his "Life of Christ." To combat the arguments brought forward to prove the uninspired humanity of Christ, this counter-biography has been written by Neander, whose name as a Church-historian enjoys a more than European renown. It thus possesses something of the excitement of a controversy, in addition to the profound research and earnest logic which it displays.

**THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.** Its Causes, Actors, Events, and Influences. By G. G. Foster and Thomas Dunn English. *Philadelphia*: G. B. Zieber & Co.

Messrs. Foster and English have here presented, in a brief compass, a very succinct and carefully prepared history of the revolution, by which the Republic of France was called into being. In these "troubled times," the rush for the present news is so great, and one exciting piece of intelligence is so rapidly succeeded by another, that few persons retain a connected idea of this grand episode in the world's history. A work of this kind, therefore, has already a mission to perform, and if this is well done (which we can affirm, in the present case), no more could be required of it.

**THE LITTLE WIFE.** By Mrs. Grey. *Philadelphia*: T. B. Peterson.

We have received from Burgess and Stringer this well-written story, illustrating the miseries of unrequited attachment.



**THE BOY'S BOOK OF SPRING.** By Thomas Miller. *New York*: Harper & Brothers.

The basket-maker poet is at home among the sights and sounds of country life. His style is redolent of the freshness of green leaves, and purling waters. We are glad to see him at work in this department of literature, and recommend his delightful book to the attention of our city juveniles.

**SIR THEODORE BROUGHTON; OR LAUREL WATER.** By G. P. R. James. *New-York*: Harper and Brothers.

James' mill turns out a novel, "made to order," every three months; and the wonder is, not that he should repeat the "two horsemen at the close of a summer's evening," in one or two works, but that he has not repeated them in all. Everything from his pen is clever and readable, and "Sir Theodore Broughton" more than usually so.

**MEMOIR OF WM. ELLERY CHANNING; WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE AND MANUSCRIPTS.** By Wm. Henry Channing. 3 vols. *Boston*: Crosby and Nichols. *London*: John Chapman.

This work, which has been anxiously awaited since the publication, some time since, of a notice of its preparation, forms a necessary addition to the collected works of Channing, already issued by the same publishers, and completes the only link wanting in the record of his life and labors. Of the character of Dr. Channing's genius, we need not now speak. It is fully recognised by his countrymen and by the world. Whether as a scholar, a divine, or a pure-hearted philanthropist, no single man of our century has done more honor to the American name, or left behind him a memory so sanctified by the grateful reverence of the good and the true.

The present work is almost an autobiography, as the editor has chosen rather to let the papers and letters of his illustrious relative tell the story of his spiritual life. These are selected and arranged with conscientious care, and the reader thus sees the character of Channing gradually unfolded, instead of having it told him. In explanation of the length of time which he has suffered to elapse before giving his labors to the world, the editor beautifully remarks:

"When the duty of preparing this memoir fell upon me, because no other person who knew my uncle so well, could or would undertake it—I at once saw that some years must be allowed to pass before attempting to speak of one with whom I had lived in such intimate relations. A certain measure of independence is requisite for a biographer, and the atmosphere of his spirit and genius had so surrounded me from boyhood, that I could not at once disengage myself from their charm."

The work is embellished by two beautiful portraits of Channing, taken at different periods of his life.

**ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.** By E. G. Squier and E. H. Davis. *New York*: Bartlett & Welford.

We are indebted to one of the authors for a specimen sheet of this, the first publication made under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute. From the extent and thorough character of the researches made by Messrs. Squier and Davis, it will be the most complete work on American Archaeology which has ever yet appeared. In a national point of view, the value of such investigation cannot be too highly estimated. Many of the aboriginal remains in the valleys of the West—the stone and earth-works of a

race which seem to have existed many centuries before the discovery of this continent—stand in great danger of being entirely obliterated by the vandal progress of modern improvement. If any authentic record of them is to be preserved, the present is the time to secure it, and we are glad to see a certainty of this in the announcement of the above work.

We also acknowledge the receipt of a smaller work—"Observations on the Aboriginal Monuments of the Mississippi Valley,"—by the same authors, which contains a more limited, but still highly interesting account of some of the most remarkable antiquities of our country.

**ENDYMION: A TALE OF GREECE.** By Henry B. Hirst. *Boston*: Ticknor & Co.

This is, in the genuine sense of the word, a remarkable book. The author, whose name has long been before the public as a poet, has given token in his smaller pieces, of the possession of a delicate fancy, and remarkable powers of versification. Like all imaginative authors, he is somewhat erratic in his conceptions, and his faults and beauties both take an extreme character. Endymion, however, far surpasses all his previous writings. One of the most purely poetical of classical fables is here thrown into an entirely original form, and told in a stanza which has never before been used for the purposes of narration. This gives a freshness to its perusal, which removes much of the objection to which all classical subjects are liable. The measure, which at first sight appears too constrained, becomes exceedingly flexible and capable of nearly as much variety of expression as the Spenserian itself. We give a specimen in the following fine stanzas, descriptive of Rome:

"Behind me was the Tiber. Wide before me  
The city spread—a world of sculptured stone,  
Whence sprang a sleepless moan  
Of many voices, surging o'er and o'er me,  
Like wakening thunder. Palaces, like trees,  
Arose from marble leas.

"And temples, huge and massy as our mountains,  
Cast an eternal shadow on the ground;  
And, in that shade, around,  
Were marble dragons, strange, ideal fountains,  
Whence, with a mighty bound, a sea of spray  
Sparkled, and sprang away."

We would like to quote from other parts of the poem, were our limits sufficiently extensive. But we must be content with pointing out for perusal the charming of Endymion, the triumphal return of the Carians, and the concluding stanzas.

**JONCE SMILEY, the Yankee Boy who had no Friends.** By H. Hastings Weld. *Philadelphia*: E. Ferrett & Co.

Mr. Weld's stories have the practical common-sense cast of the Arthur school, with much more poetic feeling and pathos. They breathe a tone of the purest morality, and improve the heart, while they refresh the overtasked head.

**THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST.** By Capt. Marryatt, R. N. *New-York*: Harper and Brothers.

Capt. Marryatt, whose early novels are among the most entertaining in the language, has retrieved in this book the credit lost by the publication of his later works. Its style is simple and direct, and the reader is offended by none of those instances of bad taste which disfigure many of his productions. The book is clever, interesting, and very readable.





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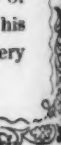
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those whose articles have appeared in its pages, during the last year, we may mention the following, all of whom are either established favorites of the reading public, or worthy to become so. Such as

MRS. L. MARIA CHILD,  
MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY,  
MRS. F. S. OSGOOD,  
MRS. E. C. EMBURY,  
MRS. E. F. ELLET,  
EDITH MAY,  
MRS. C. H. BUTLER,  
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GEORGE W. CURTIS,  
REDWOOD FISHER,  
REV. RALPH HOYT,  
WM. OLAND BOURNE,  
HERMAN S. SARONI,  
CALEB LYON.

The literary matter will continue to be under the exclusive control of the editor, MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND. The July No. will contain the first of a series of picturesque sketches from her pen, entitled: "*Sight Seeing in Europe*," which will be continued through the other numbers of the present volume. They contain the result of her observations of transatlantic scenery and society, and will form a very attractive feature of the Magazine.

#### SPLENDID LINE AND MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS

by H. S. Sadd, Thomas Doney, M. Osborne, Robert Hinshelwood, W. S. Barnard, B. F. Childs, P. Loomis, &c., from original designs by T. H. Matteson, will continue to be given; while the numerous and beautifully-executed

#### ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,

from the same gifted pencil, will form, as heretofore, a peculiar feature of the Magazine. The paper is of the finest quality used in this country, being made *expressly for the work*; so that in typographical excellence the Union Magazine has fairly *distanced all competitors*.

The fac-similes of rare Oriental characters, with translations, from the pen of Caleb Lyon, late U. S. Consul to Shang-hai, China, will be given throughout the third volume, forming a collection of great interest and value to the curious and intelligent. And every additional exertion will be made, which literary ability, ingenuity of Artists, and adequate capital can do, to make the Union Magazine worthy of the place already so generously granted it in the public esteem.

The Union Magazine will be published regularly on the first of each month.

Dealers in Periodicals throughout the United States and the Canadas, who wish to become agents for the Union Magazine, will please apply to the publisher immediately. All Post Masters are desired to act as agents for it—the usual discount will be made to them. A specimen number will be sent to any one wishing to see it, on application to the publisher, post-paid.

#### TERMS OF THE UNION MAGAZINE.

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*Editors who receive this number, and will copy this Prospectus conspicuously, and notice the Magazine in their papers, will be entitled to a copy for one year, on sending their paper with the prospectus and notices marked, addressed to the "Union Magazine."*

JAMES L. DE GRAW, AGENT, 140 NASSAU-STREET, N. Y.



# THE UNION MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1848.

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## EMBELLISHMENTS.

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PUTNAM'S DUEL WITH THE BRITISH OFFICER. Designed by T. H. Matteson.  
Engraved by M. Osborne.

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THE DEATH OF THE YOUNGEST. Engraved by B. F. Childs.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.—Hat of rice straw, ornamented with colored feathers; robe of Italian taffeta, high corsage; sleeves half-length, showing under-sleeves of muslin; on the skirt an indefinite number of small velvet bands, of choice shades of color; cashmere scarf, stockings of plain white silk, and shoes.

VISITING COSTUME.—Hat of crape, ornamented with a clasp of flowers and foliage; robe à la Dubarry, of taffetas, and pointed corsage; a rush executed in ribbon, following the line of the busk, with a reverse of English lace, passing behind the shoulders, and narrowing to a point at the bottom of the busk; short sleeves descending to the elbow, bordered by a similar rush, and terminated by *bonhommes* or small *sabots* of choice lace; on the skirt five small equidistant flounces, formed by as many rushes, similar to those on the sleeves. Mantilla of black lace; short gloves and bracelets, shoes and hose; parasol bordered with fringe.

## CONTRIBUTORS.

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HENRY B. HIRST.  
W. G. H.  
F. B. GRAHAM.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscriptions commencing with the July No. are now due; our friends are requested to remit promptly to the Agent, the amount due for the Year.

It is particularly requested, that persons wishing to communicate with the Editor on any subject connected with the Union Magazine, should do so through the PUBLISHER, 140 Nassau-street.